THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXV No 9—E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1926.

$1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society o

When Exposed to Air

tea loses its strength and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA H664

for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.

CONTRACTS WANTED

We are open to contract for a limited quantity of

Tomatoes, Corn and Seed Peas.

Call and see our representative, who will be at the

Royal Hotel, Napanee

—on—

Saturday Afternoons.

THE E. C. METCALF CANNING COMPANY

3-tf

DOXSEE & CO.

MILLINERY

We are anxious to clear out the balance of our winter stock of **TRIMMED HATS**, including French and New York Models....

PRICES NO OBJECT TO CLEAR.

SCARFS

Crepe de Chene, Georgette, Silk Knit, in all the newest designs and colors.

—NECKWEAR,
—And NOVELTIES,
—CORSETS and
—BRASSIERS

A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

LILLE'S GREY SHOPPE

Store is closed temporarily on account of illness.

Will be opened in a few days.

Lille's Grey Shoppe

Few doors west of Campbell House

Blue Serge Suits

—Blue—

Chinchillia Overcoats

$14, $18, $20 & $23

$5.00 below their regular value

All other Winter Overcoats and Mackanaw Coats at reduced prices.

W.W.ADAMS

Men's Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

FRED RUSSELL

Dealer in HAY AND GRAIN

East Street, Napanee

'Phone 406

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

Phone 385. Box 139.

15tf

TEAMSTERS TAKE NOTICE!

All persons wishing to haul logs or cord wood from Mr. Booth's woods, 2 miles this side of Marlbank, for Gibbard Furniture shops, would do well to see Mr. Busby at the woods and take advantage of the first sleighing, as there is considerable hauling. 7-c

FOR SALE—A practically new Congoleum Rug. Aply to MRS. HIRAM PARKS, South Napanee.

FOR SALE—A bargain for a quick buyer. Triplex Auto-Knitter, in good condition. Apply MRS. WALTER METCALFE, Market Square, Napanee. 3-tf

WANTED—Tenders for buttermilk. For surplus buttermilk for the year 1926. Tenders are to be so much per 100 lbs. of buttermilk. BELLEVILLE CREAMERIES, Limited. 7-c

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET—100 acres, Lot 1 in 3rd Con. of Camden, also 50 acres, Lot 5, in 4th Con. Camden. Well watered and fenced. Buildings in good repair. Apply to R. McQUAIG, on premises, Selby P.O.

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

TO SELL OR RENT—Small house and barn, both in good shape, plenty of land for garden.
TO SELL—50 acre farm, convenient to Napanee. Other large fams.
FOR SALE—Some good houses, all conveniences, nicely situated, garage and barns, etc. JAS. ED. CLARK, at Card's Garage. 51

FARM FOR SALE—The vendors are now in a position to sell by private sale the following described farm: Part of lot No. 3 in the 6th concesson, Township of Richmond, containing 140 acres more or less, and part of west part of Lot No. 4 in the 7th concession, Township of Rchmond, containing 15 acres more or less, being the farm known as the Joseph Lockridge farm. Dated November 25th, 1925. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister-at-law, Napanee, Ontario. 1-tf

FARM FOR SALE—The "Abbott Farm" situated two miles north east of the village of Selby, Township of Richmond, County of Lennox and Addington, containing 115 acres. This farm is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings, all modern, have been kept in perfect condition. Never failing wells and springs ensure an abundant supply of water. There is a fine maple sugar orchard, and sufficient wood for all requirements. Possession any time. See MRS. A. W. ABBOTT, Bridge Street, Napanee.

THE CHICKEN COOP

A fresh young fellow, who was driving a coupe, hung out the following sign on the rear of his car: "Lost and Straying Chickens Here's a Welcome Coupe."—Am. Mutual Magazine.

* * *

CORRECT

Gentlemen (to lady sitting on his hat): "Excuse me, Miss, do you know what you're sitting on?"

"Well, I ought to—I've been sitting on it for twenty-years!"—Modern Mining.

* * *

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

NAPANEE BRANCH VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES FOR CANADA

Napanee, —an. 6, 1926.

Madam President and Members of the Board—,

The following is a report of the nursing services for the month of December, 1925:

The grand total of patients nursed was 13.

18 free nursing visits were made, also 69 educational visits, for which no fee was asked.

6 visits were made to policyholders in the M. L. I.

The fees received were as follows:

For confinement services..	$ 3 00
For all other services........	9 75
Total............................	$12 75

The schools were closed from Dec. 18 to Dec. 31. During the first half of the month the work done was as follows:

No. visits to schools—11.
Hours spent in schhools—22.
No. children inspected—220.
No. children weighed—33.
Defects corrected—8.
No. minor treatments—45.
Classromm health talks—12.
Referred to own physician—4.
No. home school visits—14.
No. miscellaneous visits—4.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Symington, and the ladies who donated it, bread and butter and cocoa was served to the mothers and older children in the well-baby clinic, at the last three clinics held. This branch of Public Health Work can never be accurately or adequately represented in a statistical report, and while we feel that the benefit to the community of this endeavor fully justifies the time, money and thought expended on its upkeep, it is practically impossible to recount the actual returns.

The case of Annie B., one of the clinic babies, may be of interest. On October 31st, Annie's mother brought her to clinic. In the preceeding six weeks she had gained only 3 ounces. She was cross and irritable and her mother said that she cried practically all the time. The baby did not appear to be ill, and it seemed like a straight case of mismanagement. Mrs. B. was asked to care for her baby "our way" for one week, and to bring it back at the end of that time. She was not very hopeful of the result, but she listened carefully to the instruction given her concerning the feeding, bathing and general care of her baby, and promised to carry it out. Of course, we expected an improvement, but we were hardy prepared for the results we obtained. Annie had gained 4½ ounces! After achieving only 3 ounces in the preceeding six weeks, we were quite satisfied. Brs. B. was radiant, and said that her baby was sleeping well, and, as she put it, "as good as gold." This baby has since made a steady gain, despite the fact that she was unfortunate enough to have chicken pox and an acute bronchitis. During the last nineteen days she has gained one whole pound. Annie and her mother are now two of our best advertisements.

Respectfully submitted,

Marjorie Roberton, Nurse.

M. L. B. Miller, President

* * *

NEWBURGH.

The United Church now has a well-organized Young People's Society which meets every Monday evening. The success of this society is mostly due to the efforts of the Rev. T. H. P. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, who are so well liked by the congregation. Just now a contest is in progress and interest is increasing as the weeks go by.

The Ladies' Aid held a social on Tuesday evening which was successful both financially and socially.

Mr. George Paul has the contract of supplying the wood for the cheese factory for the season of 1926 and now has a gang of men at work on the wood lot which he purchased from Mr. J. Ramsay.

The Camden East paper mill is closed for a few days awaiting material.

A number of social events were held during the week. A party was given on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Carter, dancing being the attraction. The young people of the Anglican Church held a public social in the hall on Friday evening. Progressive euchre and dancing featured the program.

At the meeting of the patrons of the cheese factory Mr. T. P. Cook was appointed Secretary-Treasurer to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late T. I. Winter.

Mrs. A. Rogers has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Kulpack, Kingston.

Mr. Herb McCleod has returned to Detroit, after visiting with his sisters, Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Stone.

Mr. W. Meikle, of Kingston, was a business caller in the village on Monday last.

Rev. Mr. Lee, of Frankford, was a visitor during the week and took charge of the Wednesday night service in the Mission Hall.

Miss Lucy Madden, who is a patient at Kingston General Hospital as reported to be not as well as usual.

Misses Hannah and Eliza Paul have returned home after a week's visit in Peterboro.

Miss Hannah Paul, who, until recently was a representative of the Methodist Missionary Society in British Columbia, was a speaker at a missionary gathering while in Peterboro.

Mrs. E. Benn, of Napanee, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Shorey, last week.

LONDON'S OLD SHOPS

CARRY ON BUSINESS SUCH AS FOUNDERS DID.

Firm of Grocers Started Business In 1650—Another Firm Has Been Making Printers' Ink Since 1754—Famous Snuff Tubs.

Although many long-established and independent businesses have been swallowed up by present-day amalgamations, and combines, there are still left in London, England, and its suburbs old firms that carry on their business such as the founders did, over a century and a half ago.

Blackwell & Co., for instance, have been making printers' ink since 1754, and the firm of Lewis Berger & Sons have been paint and color merchants since 1760. One sees their colors in the Turner rooms at the Tate Gallery, for the great landscape painter bought his pigments from the firm.

Twinings, the tea merchants, have served tea to nine British sovereigns in succession. Thomas Twining started to sell tea in Devereaux Court, opposite the Law Courts, in 1706. Tom's Coffee House it was commonly called, and to-day his descendants carry on the business on the same site.

Davison, Newman & Co. started as grocers in the City of London in 1650. The firm's original sign of a crown and three sugar loaves hangs outside their present premises in Creechurch Lane. In their shop one may see the very counter over which the first pound of tea was sold to the public in England, and the old slave register of their coffee plantation in Jamaica.

This firm despatched part of the tea that was sunk in Boston harbor, an act that led to the revolution which founded the United States.

The oldest "Segar" shop in London is said to be 146 Fleet Street. The house was built in 1667, the year after the Fire of London, but the tobacco and snuff business was not established until 1700 by Mr. Hoare. Since then it has changed hands only twice; the present owners are P. & S. Radford.

In this shop are snuff tubs polished by the clothes of many old customers who sat on them while their snuff was being mixed. Dr. Johnson used to call here on his way to the Cheshire Cheese. The tub on which he sat is pointed out to visitors.

Then there is Fribourg and Treyer's old shop in the Haymarket, where Georgian bucks and beaux bought their snuff. The Century Shop, at 100 Knightsbridge, another tobacconist's, is said to be the oldest shop in this part of London. It was originally a farmhouse, and still possesses a garden.

Messrs. Fores, at the corner of Sackville Street, and Piccadilly, claims to be the oldest print shop in London. It has always been in the same family and was founded in 1783. The present proprietor's great-grandfather was a personal friend of Nelson, who often used to visit the shop.

Hatchard's book shop on the other side of Piccadilly is older still. In the shop hangs an oil painting of the founder, who established the business in the eighteenth ccntury. It is probable that more distinguished and historical folk have foregathered in Hatchard's than in any other shop in London. Then in St. James' street among the great clubs still stands the quaint bow-fronted shop of Locke, the Hatter. In the firm's old books are the names of half the aristocracy.

Another long-established bookshop is Spencer's in New Oxford Street. Here, too, many famous men and women have called to inspect the stock.

At MacMaster's print shop in Panton Street the customer may see the very table at which poor Francis Thompson, who had been reduced to selling matches in the gutter, sat when writing his great ode, "The Hound of Heaven."

As wine merchants, Hedges and Butler have existed since 1667. Thus this business has been in the same family for 258 years. There is a clause in their lease forbidding snipe-shooting on Sundays. Another memory-haunted shop is Berry's in St. James' street. In this house, it is said, Sir Walter Raleigh stored his first consignment of tobacco. Parts of the building go back to Tudor times.

Barry's patrons in the old days used to have themselves weighed in the great scales originally used for coffee bags, and there are carefully preserved records in many heavy volumes. The list covers princes, noblemen, soldiers, literary men—a vast variety. Charles Lamb's weight was recorded in 1814 as 129½ pounds.

Mr. Mathuen now keeps an antinque shop in the stableyard of the ancient George Inn in Church street, Kensington. There one may see Dick Turpin's hiding-place behind one of the old horse stalls. You can buy a piece of Jacobean furniture to-day where Black Bess munched corn.

Verrey's is one of the oldest restaurants in London, but is now rebuilt a few doors away from its old home at 229 Regent street. Here Dickens and Thackeray might often have been seen, and Alfred Tennyson had his favorite chair in which he sat smoking a long churchwarden pipe.

The Irish of It.

Two Irishmen, on their way home from a funeral, were talking about the uncertainty of life. Said Pat:—

"Sure and I'd give all I've got, Mike, if I knew th' place where I was goin' to die."

"Faith, Pat, and phwat good would that do yez?"

"Begorra, I'd never go near th' place at all, at all."

Academy of Arts.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts was founded by the late Marquess of Lorne in 1880.

HOCKEY

DOUBLE-HEADER WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Owing to the mild spell of weather last week the Town League was unable to get under way as expected. They will, however, endeavor to start this Wednesday evening, at 7.30 p.m., with the Napanee Collegiate and Gibbard's Factory, meeting in the Intermediate Series, and "B" Co., Frontenac Regiment meeting St. Pats in the Senior Series.

These games should be well worth seeing as the boys are all working hard and deserve the support of the towns-people. The Senior teams are made up of the boys from the town team plus some other promising youngsters, who will greatly benefit by playing in Senior company.

The following is a schedule of the Intermediate and Senior games which will be played every Wednesday night at the Arena. The admission for these double-headers is only twenty-five cents and a good evenings entertainment is insured. Come up and hel pthe boys along every Wednesday night at 7.30 p.m.

GROUP A.

Intermediate, 7.30 p.m.—
Jan. 27—N.C.I. vs. Gibbard's.
Feb. 3—Gibbard's vs. "B" Co.
Fef. 10—"B" Co. vs. N. C. I.

Senior, 8.30 p.m.—
Jan. 27—"B" Co. vs. St. Pats.
Feb. 3—St. Pats vs. Gibbard's
Feb. 10—Gibbard's vs. "B" Co.

GROUP B.

Intermediate 7.30 p.m.—
Feb. 17—Gibbard's vs. N. C. I.
Feb. 24—N. C. I. vs. "B" Co.
Mar. 3—"B" Co. vs. Gibbard's.

Senior, 8.30 p.m.—
Feb. 17—St. Pats vs. "B" Co.
Feb. 24—"B" Co. vs. Gibbard's.
Mar. 3—Gibbard's vs. St. Pats.

FINAL

March 10—Group A. winners vs. Group B winners.

* * *

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Roblin and Mr. and Mrs. A. Bogart attended the funeral of their grandmother, the late Mrs. A. Buchanan, Picton, on Saturday last.

Lawrence Magee spent last week-end with friends at Selby.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Magee and Mr. and Mrs. E. Foster visited friends at Milford recently.

The many friends of Mrs. C. R. Allison are glad to learn that she is recovering from her recent serious illness.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. D. W. Roblin is ill.

A few cases of measles are reported.

Mrs. T. N. Davis entertained the Ladies' Aid on Wednesday afternoon.

The young people of the United Church are entertaining the other young people of the circuit, on Saturday evening. They are practising for a play to be presented in the near future.

The Anglican congregation will hold a "social evening" at the home of Albert Chalmer on Friday evening.

Miss K. Price, Selby, is the guest of her cousin, Miss A. Magee.

A demonstration of aluminum ware will be held at Mrs. F. M. Davis' home on Thursday.

Huge flocks of black birds seem to be wintering in the vicinity.

* * *

Burns as a Tax Collector.

In the olden days candles were taxed articles, and it was the duty of Robert Burns as an excise officer to see that the tax was not evaded. He generally looked the other way, however, as when passing through the kitchen one night at William Lorimer's of Kennishall, where the gudewife was busy making candles, he merely remarked, "Faith, madam, ye're thrang the nicht," and passed into the parlor.

No Cause For Him to Complain.

"See here!" remarked the guest to the new waiter. "There doesn't seem to be any soup on this menu card."

"Oh, no, sir!" replied the waiter nervously. "I didn't spill it at this table. It was the one on the other side of the room."

Of Good Repute.

"But what is his reputation? That is the principal thing."

"Well, papa, he is reputed to spend fifty thousand a year. That's good enough for me."

Sometimes.

"My face is my fortune."

"Yes, but an investment of that kind sometimes has very bad features about it."

Reason Enough.

Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine indeed. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back? Composer—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him.—Fliegende Blatter.

Too Plain Spoken.

He—I wish you'd drop the "Mister" and call me plain George. She—Oh, but it would be unkind to twit you on your personal appearance that way.—St. Louis Democrat.

Harmony.

Music Teacher—What is your impression of harmony? Smart Student—A freckle faced girl in a polka dot dress leading a coach dog.—Judge.

LIBERAL MEETING

A meeting of the Liberals of Lennox will be held in the Town Hall, Napanee, on Friday, January 29th, at 2.30 p.m. Election of officers and general business.

B. F. DAVY, Secretary.

TERM EXAMINATIONS OF NAPANEE COLLEGIATE

The following indicates the standing of the pupils in the various forms. Those in Class I. obtained 75% or over, in Class II. 66% to 74%, Class III, 50%B. to 65%, and those graded as Pass received 50% to 59%. The names of those who did not obtain 50% of the total number of marks are not included, as well as those who obtained an average of over 50% but failed on three or more subjects. The names are in order of merit in each division.

LOWER SCHOOL—FIRST YEAR

Form IA.

Cless II.—Jack Grange, Cecil Harrison, Gordon Paul, Claude Winter, Madeline Garrison, A. Alkenbrack, Helen Barnhart.

Class III—Cecil Sutherby, Fred McCracken, James Perry.

Pass—Elma McKnight, Gladys Huffman, Durward Garrison, Ross Miller.

Form IB.

Class I.—Marjorie Daly, Lois Stalker, Mabel McHoull, Vera Burnard, Kathleen MacFarland.

Class II.—Marjorie Sills, Elsie Loyst, Gladys Parrot (equal), Arthur Hall, Nelson Kennedy, Vivian Benn (equal), Berniece Hartman, Vera Chase, Kathleen Ungar.

Class III.—Mary Hart, Roland Stalker, Marion Reid, George Russell, Donald Jackson, Alan VandeBogart, Maurice Tierney, Emma Snider, Marguerite McConnell.

Pass—Jack Baker, Evelyn Asselstine, Thelma Hambly, Robert Howitt, Maurice Kinkley.

LOWER SCHOOL-SECOND YEAR

Form IIA.

Class I.—Grace Joyce, Delbert Dupre.

Class II.—Irene Fox, Georgie Hosey, Muriel Sherman, Ila Hart.

Class III.—Jean Milling, Martha Allison, Madeline McMillan, Fred Ballard, Marjorie Lloyd.

Pass—Norma Fretts, Ilah Card, Walter Exley, Hugh Galt, Fred Hudson.

Form IIB.

ClassI.—Katherine Henderson, Helen Lancaster, Helen Drake.

Class II.—Sidney Cousins, Edith MacMorine, Leonard Baird, Jean Lancaster.

Class III.—Robert Wilson, May Hawley, Lenore Black, Mary Gerow, John Daly.

Pass—William Powell, Douglas Alkenbrack, Edmund Way, Marion Young, D. Wood, Helen McAvoy.

MIDDLE SCHOOL—FIRST YEAR

Form IIIA.

Class I.—Thelma Ham, Dordthy Hogle, Grace Boyes.

Class II.—Katherine Gleeson, Dorothy Daverin, Edward Benjamin, Donald Eaton.

Class III.—Helen Grange, Norman Wood, Ruth Dickson.

Pass—Mildred Harrington, K. Dickson, Winnifred Drake, Gertrude Grange, Gladys Gault, Geo. Robson, Donald Hawley.

Form IIIB.

Class I.—Mary Mellow.

Class II.—J. Carr, Evelyn Mills, Marion G. Roblin, Wm. Carr.

Class III.—Helen Schell, Leslie Merritt.

Pass — Elma Whyte, Hubert McCracken, Helen Denison, Reginald Woodruff, Ruth Loyst.

MIDDLE SCHOOL-SECOND YEAR

Form IV.

Class I.—Vera Vanalstyne, H. Daly, Harold Deline.

Class II.—Archie Wilson, Gordon Gibson, Douglas Anderson, Malcolm Corkill, Marjorie Huyck.

Class III.—Thos. Moffat, Jessie Vanalstnye, Peter Miller, Ray Dickson, Ralph Black, Aneta Asselstine, Ruth Thompson.

Pass — Arthur Parks, Edna Aylsworth, Agnes Cavanaugh.

UPPER SCHOOL.

Form V.

Class I.—Loretta Cunningham.

Clas II.—Ruth Irwin, Lepha Woods, Edith Fingland.

Class III.—Marjorie Ham, Grace File, Clifford Reid, Marian McConnell, Kathleen Creegan, Irene French.

Pass — Chas. Young, Leah Aylsworth, Donald Wright, Jean Paul.

Commercial Form.

Juniors.

Class I.—Muriel Garrison, E. Murphy.

Class II.—Marion Douglas, F. Sylver, Hazel Frink and Hazel O'Neill equal, Josephine Clarke, Evelyn Switzer, Carmel Fretts.

Class III.—Dorothy Lucas, Audrey Ruttan, Evelyn Barrager and Ralph Vanalsyne equal; Kathleen Brown and Mary Kimmett, equal; Keitha Lewis.

Pass—Ruth Mallory.

Seniors.

Class I.—Florence Kinkley, Marjorie Thompson..

Class II.—Grace Hume and Dorothy Johnson equal; Jean McGraw, Jessie Stevenson.

Class III. — Hazel Sampson, Madge Garrison.

* * *

MAYBE

Matty—"I wonder if Professor Kidder meant anything by it."

Charlie—"By what?"

Matty—"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools' and when I bought a ticket it was marked, 'Admit One.'"—American Boy Magazine.

JUNIOR FARMERS DO WELL

Young farmers from six counties in Eastern Ontario met last week at the Canadian Packing Company's Plant in Peterboro to take a special course of lectures and demonstrations on swine, and to engage in judging competitions., Lennox and Addington made a very creditable showing, winning the following prizes in keen competition:

Judging Live Hogs—W. Frisken, 3rd; L. Mellow, 8th.

Judging dressed carcasses—E. Price, 7th.

Grading hogs—H. Allison and L. Merritt tied for 5th; R. Fretts, 7th.

W. Frisken was 3rd high individual in the whole contest., 1st going to a man from Carleton County and 2nd to Lanark.

In judging a single class of four hogs, H. Allison made a perfect score, 50 points for placing and 50 reasons.

The young men were shown all the operations in the plant from the time the hogs are received, until the meat is ready for shipment. They were also entertained by the manager on Thursday evening to a banquet and theatre party.

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1926 CANADIAN TEACHERS FEDERATION CONVENTION.

The above Convention will be held in Charlottetown, P.E.I., August 2nd to August 6th, and arrangements are now being completed for an all-expense, personally conducted tour via the Canadian National Railways, from Toronto to Charlottetown in connection therewith. This tour will include a trip down the St. Lawrence Rapids, the Sagenay River, through the beautiful Bras d'or Lakes, and the Land of Evangeline country with stop-over at Quebec City and trip to St. Anne de Beaupre, returning by way of Boston, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and Montreal. A leaflet will shortly be issued giving complete information regarding the tour.

For particulars address Mr. Martin Kerr, (Principal of the Earl Kitchener School), 4 Beulah Ave., Hamilton, and Mr. A. E. Bryson, (Principal of the Silverthorn School) 44 Silverthorn Ave., Toronto.

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Ancient Trades.

Bygone trades have a way of proving on investigation to be only modern industries under another name. A mylner, for instance, was only a miller, after all, and a parmenter was nothing more strange than a tailor, though not even the experts are certain why he was so called. A raffman, however, is more interesting. Raff (an ally of the present word rafter) was foreign timber, and a raffman was one who dealt in it.—London Chronicle.

A Plateau in Papua.

The most singular plateau in the world is in the island of Papua. The plateau is 6,000 feet above the sea, and there are summits towering 5,000 feet higher, but owing to the proximity of the equator, the great plain is covered with luxuriant vegetation. The climate is a perpetual May, birds sing in every bush, and the only animals are a few marsupials, such as ground kangaroos and opossums. Yet this lovely region is almost deserted. The Papuans live in the sweltering coast jungles and rarely visit the uplands.

How to Win Her Heart.

We know a boy who knows girls, all right.

He's only six years old, but he observes things. We heard his mother calling him down for rudeness at play the other day, and our eavesdropping was rewarded with this:

"Billie," called the mother, "I want you to quit teasing that little girl! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Well, I got to tease somebody, an'"—

"You've got to tease somebody? That's a fine idea, I must say! And so"—

"Yes, an' she wants to be teased. If I quit she'll go play with some other little boy."

* * *

COMING :-: EVENTS

MEETING OF LENNOX LIBERAL Association for Election of Officers and general business, Town Hall, Napanee, Friday, January 29th, at 2.30 p.m.

A DANCE WILL BE GIVEN IN the Masonic Hall Easter Monday night, under the auspices of the Women's Finance Committee of the Victorian Order.

COMING SOCIAL EVENT—THE Women's Finance Committee of the Victorian Order are holding an Afternoon Tea in the school room of Trinity Church on Feb. 4th, from 4 to 6 p.m., for the purpose of raising money to help carry on the work of the Order. All are welcome. Remember the date, **Feb. 4th, 4 to 6 p.m.**

No man thinks of you as a stranger after you have talked with him by Long Distance

"95% of our business is done by Long Distance"
—writes a Lumber Merchant

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

JESUS FEEDS FIVE THOUSAND MEN.

Sunday, Jan. 31.—John 6 : 1-71.

Golden Text—Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life ; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger ; and he that Believeth on Me shall never thirst (John 6 : 35).

We must not underestimate the miracles of Christ. Some would deny them or explain them away by natural causes ; others are saying that, even if the miracles were just what they claim to be, we have higher grounds for believing in Christ. But it is dangerous to minimize or discount that to which God gives importance. Christ's miracles were credentials of His own Person and mission. John throughout his Gospel calls the miracles, signs. Of what were they signs? We have the inspired answer in John 20 : 30-31 : "And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book ; but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God ; and that believing ye might have life through His name."

Our Lord's miracles of healing attracted a great multitude to Him, as God intended, and people flocked after Him to the other side of the Sea of Galilee. Jesus was with His little company of disciples, and He asked them how they might "buy bread, that these might eat." The disciples were baffled and their answer showed it. All the time, we are told, the Lord knew what He would do, and was simply testing His disciples faith. When such a question comes into our lives, should we not look up to God and remind Him that He has promised to supply all our needs by Christ Jesus (Phil. 4 : 19), and then tell Him that we are trusting Him to do so ? Any anxiety on our part is sin—the sin of unbelief.

Andrew mentioned the presence of a lad with "five barley loaves and two small fishes," and at once noted the hopelessness of that supply. Yet the Lord took and used that meagre litle lunch, giving a wonderful demonstration of the precious truth He spoke long afterward to Paul : "My grace is sufficient for thee : for My strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. 12 : 19). When we surrender to the Lord all we have, even though it is only poverty and weakness, He will meet all our need : we may safely "leave the milacle to God."

It is a striking fact that Jesus, when He had taken the loaves and fishes, as He lifted His heart and voice to God in prayer, did not ask God to do anything ; He simply gave thanks ! The Christian is enjoined. "In everything give thanks" (I. Thess. 5 : 18), and if thanksgiving had a larger place in our praying God could do a great deal more for us.

We know from the other Gospels that the disciples had asked the Lord to send this great multitude of people away and let them find food for themselves. In spite of this ungracious and unbelieving attitude, Christ now, instead of giving the miraculously multiplied food directly to the multitude, "distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them." He let the unworthy disciples have the great privilege of feeding the multitude. How many time, by our selfishness and unbelief have we forfeited right to give the Bread of Life to others ! Yet our Lord still says to us, "Give ye them to tae," and enables us, whenever we will, to give the miraculous Gospel to the starving, dying world about us.

God never only just meets people's needs. He is not that kind of God and Saviour. We do not read that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. 5 : 20). And so, in this actual historic event that is both miracle and parable, the five thousand were not just barely fed ; they ate "as much as they would," and then from the five loaves and two small fishes there were twelve baskets of fragments "which remained over and above unto them that had eaten." However great our need may be, God's resources and supply are always greater.

The Golden Text of this lesson printed above, is the key to its meaning. It occurs in a long discourse that the Lord gave the next day to this same multitude who sought Him out again. They wanted to "take Him by force, to make Him a king" (v. 15), but He declared to them that their greatest need was "everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you" (v. 27).

Then He went on to declare that He is the living Bread which came down from Heaven, and that this bread "is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world........Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood ye have no life in you" (vs. 51-53).

We know from other Scriptures, that this means simply believing in Christ as our Saviour, and recognizing that, when we are saved by faith in Him, He Himself has entered into us and has taken us unto Himself. It is the wonderful, precious truth of the vine and the branches (John 15), and "Christ in you the hope of glory" (Col. 1 : 27).

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The Name Raleigh.

Among variant spellings of names perhaps the most remarkable instance occurs in a deed of the year 1587 relating to the property of the Raleigh family. It bears the signatures of Raleigh senior and his two sons, of which one has special interest as being the earliest known signature of Sir Walter. By the father the name is written "Ralegh," by the elder son "Rawlegh," and by Sir Walter it is written "Rauleygh." By Queen Elizabeth it was written "Rawley," as then pronounced. It also appeared in Sir Walter's lifetime as "Rawlye."—London Tatler.

Our Eccentric Phrases.

Why do we always talk of putting on a coat and vest? Who puts on a coat before a vest? We also say putting on shoes and stockings. Who puts on shoes before the stockings? We also put up signs telling people to wipe their feet when we mean their boots or shoes. And a father tells a boy he will warm his jacket when he means to warm his pantaloons. We are a little eccentric in our phrases at times.

Balm of Gilead.

The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeded sixty drops a day. According to Josephus, the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melancholia.

ARE YOU UP ON FLYING SLANG?

By ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.

The other day a friend of mine came into the school with Major ——————. Meet the "Flying Fool" he introduced. I shook hands with the Major and, according to his nickname, mentally classified him as one of these crazy dare-devils who stunt an airplane just to amuse the crowd. Later, at a flying field, I discovered that the name "Flying Fool" was about the highest compliment that could be paid a flyer. All of which leads up to the picturesque air argot and trade jargon of the men who fly. It is a language all its own.

A take-off is the act of an airplane leaving the ground. When a plane crashes it is a "crack up" or a "wash out." And when a flyer is "washed out" there isn't any more.

Airplanes are "ships" unless not regared as air worthy. Then they are "crates." The DeHaviland is a D-H. The Curtis JN is a Jenny. Bombing is "laying eggs." Naval flyers are "Mud Hens" so called because invariably in a forced landing they drop into marshes or swamps along the ocean edge. A recruit is a 'Flying K. P." And actually he is peeling potatoes even though he is in the air service. Adjustments and overhauls of motors are called "Manicures." A "sandbag" is a passenger. A short flight is a "hop." "Night flying" is slop talk. Those who participate are called "barrack bombers."

A "porpoise" is a poor landing. Shop talk is taboo at social gatherings and the command to cease such conversation is expressed by 'Put that ship in the hangar."

"Tail spin" is the idiom for being embarrassed. Thus a pretty flapper may have flustered a flier so that another pilot will say : 'Knocked him into a tail spin." Faux pas is "a skid."

An argument starts this way : 'I'll knock you for a row of tin hangars."

And the fellow who cracks up more than one ship is called a "deuce." And the "perfect deuce" is the dub who has cracked up five ships and stil lives to tell the tale. He puts it this way :

"During the war I got five planes to my credit—all American."

REAL ACTORS ON THE STAGE

How They Would Seem Now if Movies Had Come First.

We can well imagine that a generation brought up exclusively on moving pictures would hail the sudden introduction of the actual performers as a great invention So simple and logical a step would seem to them truly marvelous. At first the bodily presence of the actor might seem to them almost too oppressive as we now feel it to be when we sit close up on a Shakespearean platform stage, but they would soon wonder why they had been so long content to blink at animated photographs.

The effect upon the actor would be most salutory. He would soon find that he was making himself laughably obvious. The astonishing calisthenics with which he has been accustomed to wring our withers would no longer serve his purpose. He would have to abandon the "irascible" look, the "revenge is sweet" look, the "jealousy" look, the "lovey dovey" look and all the other looks with which he now so impudently holds the camera in order to convey to us that he is feeling something, ah, so profoundly. He would have to unlearn all his looking glass grimaces and try to regain the natural mobility of human expression.

The historian of the drama would also give us a most instructive chapter on the emergence of the actor from the machine. He would hail it as a revolutionary step in the development of the drama, without which, in his opinion, the Hamlet that he worships would never have been possible. Knowing nothing of our pre-machine drama, he would not be tempted to draw the conclusion that with the rise and decay of moving pictures the drama has gone backward in order to go forward again.—

Leading Up to It.

"Please, Mrs. Brown," said the little boy at the kitchen door, "ma wants to know if you'd be so kind as to lend her an egg beater to beat some eggs with."

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Brown. "Here it is."

"And if it ain't too much trouble," continued the boy, "would you mind lending her a couple of eggs to beat with it?"

Very Thoughtful.

Customer (at railroad restaurant)—Here, boss, this coffee is cold.

Proprietor—Yes, sir; you see, the train only stops a few minutes, an' if the coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it."

The Llama.

About the heaviest load that a llama will allow to be placed on its back is a weight of 125 pounds. If any heavier load be placed on the animal's back the wise beast lies down, and no amount of coaxing or beating can make it move an inch.

Two Views.

"Would you like some views of the hotel to send to your friends?"

"Sir," said the disgruntled guest, "I presume it will be better for me to keep my views to myself."

I worked with patience which means almost power.—Mrs. Browning.

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DANGER SIGNALS.

Red is Used Because It is the Most Effective Color.

Red is the color universally used as a danger signal because it can be seen farther than any other color. It is also the color that "attracts attention, excites curiosity and arouses to action," as William Churchill said in an address before the Illuminating Engineering society.

Green, the complementary of red, is seen almost as far as red, but green is the color of which nature makes lavish use, and therefore a green signal is less easily recognized than a red, because the former may easily be taken for a part of the background, while the latter always contrasts vividly with the background. So green has been used for a clear or a cautionary signal.

At night especially red is used as a danger signal, red lanterns being placed on torn up streets and obstructions, red tail lights being used for motorcars, red lamps to indicate fire exits in theaters, factories and hotels and more recently to mark dangerous parts of machinery, high current wires and other danger spots.

In Mr. Churchill's address, as quoted by the Scientific American, he gave the effective range of the several colored lights recognized by the Railway Signal association under ordinary weather conditions, as follows: Red, three to three and one-half miles; yellow, one to one and one-half miles; green, two and one-half to three miles; blue, one-half to three-quarters of a mile; purple, one-half to three-quarters of a mile; lunar white, two to two and one-half miles.

Red, no matter how distant, never ceases to look red. This is not true of any other color, though a good green fairly approximates it.

Yellow light is visible much farther than the distance at which its color can be distinguished and is easily mistaken for a "neighborhood light"—that in a house, for instance.

Lunar white—a pale bluish white—has come into use as a "clear" indication for switches on many railroads It can be recognized at greater distances than yellow and is not so easily mistaken for "neighborhood lights."

HYPNOTIZING ANIMALS.

Even the Deadly Cobra May Be Made Perfectly Passive.

Hypnotizing a hen is a trick known to most country boys. It is an old experiment, first described by the Jesuit father, Athanasius Kircher, who laid a hen on the table, held it firmly for a little while and drew a chalk line in front of its eyes, with the result that it remained as if in a catalepsy.

In India it is known that a cobra caught by the neck and gently pressed will soon become stiff and remain so for a considerable time either coiled up or out straight.

A frog fastened to a board and turned suddenly upside down goes into a trance. Other animals are susceptible to this treatment, some more quickly than others.

If you pick up a crab and wave it in the air it becomes immobile, a female bending her legs over her abdomen, a male sticking them out almost straight. The same is true of the fresh water crayfish, only this resists for a much longer time than a crab.

Among the insects catalepsy—commonly known as "death feigning"—is common, and, according to Professor Ernst Mangold, the learned German naturalist, is often a means of saving the life of the insect.

According to Mangold, the hypnotic condition is induced in man by suggestion or physical inhibition, in animals by mechanical inhibition, but in both cases sensory stimuli may assist. These stimuli may be optic (fixing the gaze on some object), or tactile (stroking the skin), or otherwise. Sometimes an absence of wonted stimuli may induce the state, as in the case of absolute silence.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Jaggery Sugar.

Though a Tmail poem enumerates 800 ways in which the Palmya palm may be used, one of its most interesting uses is the production of a sugar called jaggery. This is the result of boiling down the fresh juice and is one of the chief sugars of South India. Four or five quarts per tree per day is the yield for four or five months. Once in every three years the sap drawing process is omitted, as otherwise the tree would die. The tree begins to yield at fifteen years and continues for about fifty years. The female tree yields about twice as much sap as the male. Three quarts of this sap make one pound of sugar or jaggery, which is the chief sugar used by the poor classes of India.—Argonaut.

Wisdom.

An old Scotchwoman sent her little boy to the corner grocer's after a quarter's worth of corn sirup. She gave him the money and two jugs, either of which would have been ample to carry the sirup.

"Why did you give him two jugs?" asked a visiting neighbor.

"Weel, ye see, it's this way. If I gie him twa jugs to carry he kinna dip his wee fingers in the sirup en route home."

Abyssinian Entertainment.

The following is a description of an entertainment given the servants of a traveller in Abyssinia in which raw meat formed the menu. Eight of the leading members of the caravan who had been invited to the feast entered and seated themselves in a circle on the dirt floor of the house. Two of the chieftain's servants then entered, bearing a sheep suspended from a long pole. The carriers stood outside the circle. The visiting men pulled out their knives and cut off strips of flesh until they were satisfied. Little more than a skeleton remained when they had finished. The usual method of eating is to remove a large piece of meat attached to a bone. The bone is held in the hand and with the knife a small piece of meat is loosened by a cut from the base of the chunk. The piece is not entirely severed, but remains attached at the tip. The loose end is then grasped in the teeth and the other end freed with a second upward cut. To an observer it appears that the diners are in constant and imminent danger of severing the ends of their noses."

Here and There

Southern holiday resorts received a setback when the Quarter Million Dollar Club of the Canada Life Assurance Company, of Toronto, decided to substitute Quebec City for Miami as the place of meeting of their Convention this winter.

Ice statues have been erected in many of the quaint old streets of Quebec. A huge dog, carved out of ice, with a stick of candy in his mouth, is one of the sights in front of a confectioner's, while another is an immense polar bear, in life-like form.

About 130,000 young apple trees will be planted in the famous Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, next spring, it is expected. Good commercial varieties of apples will include Ganos, Baldwins, Spys, Kings, Wagners and Gravensteins.

According to the provincial apiarist, the value of honey, wax and other products of the hive in Quebec in 1925 amounted to $2,395,553. More than 1,100 new apiculturists were registered during the year, bringing the total to 7,729, possessing 100,155 colonies of bees.

In recognition of his heroic action when he rescued a lady from being crushed under a tramcar, Joseph Tammaro, clerk and stenographer in the Investigation Department of the Canadian Pacific Raliway, has been presented with a certificate of the Royal Canadian Humane Association.

A new record was created at the port of Montreal in 1925, both in the arrival of trans-Atlantic vessels and in the amount of tonnage. Last season 1,040 vessels, representing a net tonnage of 4,744,793 entered the port. In 1924 there were 988 vessels with net tonnage of 3,597,147.

A magnificent silver dish, twenty inches in diameter, presented by King Emmanuel of Portugal to the famous explorer Vasca da Gama in 1499, in recognition of the latter's discovery of the sea route to India, attracted much attention while on exhibition in the downtown offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal.

On the night of January 14 the oldest wing of the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec was destroyed by fire, and within 24 hours a start had been made on the work of re-building. President Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific, says the new wing will still further enhance the beauty of that famous structure and that it will be 100 per cent. fireproof.

Teachers and educationalists from all parts of the Old Country gathered in London recently to discuss methods of teaching and suggested improvements of bringing up youngsters the way they should go. Among those who spoke were Sir Gilbert Parker, the famous Canadian writer; Sir Sydney Low, Imperial Publicist, and Dr. Stevens, President of the Head Masters' Association.

As a tribute to over forty-six years of service with the Canadian Pacific Railway, George Rollin, who retired on New Year's Day under pension arrangements after holding the position of yard agent at the Place Viger Station since May, 190[illegible], was presented with a purse of gold. The presentation was made at a dinner at the Windsor Station restaurant.

Mr. John Leslie has been appointed vice-president and comptroller of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The new vice-president joined the Toronto, Gray and Bruce Railway in 1877 as a junior clerk attached to the auditor's office. When the road was taken over by the C.P.R. he was made chief clerk and by 1914 had advanced to the position of comptroller. Since March, 1918, he has been in entire charge of the company's accounting departments.

Antiquity of the Organ.

The organ is the most magnificent and comprehensive of all musical instruments. While the pipes of Pan, aside from that mythical personage, indicate a very ancient use of pipes as a means of producing musical sounds, the "water organ of the ancients" furnishes to the student of organ history the first tangible clew regarding the remote evolution of the instrument. In the second century the magripha, an organ of ten pipes with a crude keyboard, is said to have existed, but accounts of this instrument are involved in much obscurity. It is averred that an organ, the gift of Constantine, was in the possession of King Pepin of France in 757, but Aldhelm, a monk, makes mention of an organ with "gilt pipes" as far back as the year 700.

Bulls in Parliament.

Lord Londonderry once threw the house of lords into roars of laughter during the debate on the second reading of the Irish land bill by gravely declaring that "this is the reason why you have failed to settle the Irish land question in the future as you have done in the past."

In the course of the same speech he concluded a period with: "This is the keystone of the bill. Are you going to kill it?"

Better still was a sentence which he uttered in 1897 when speaking once more on the Irish land question—"That, your lordship will see," referring to a quotation he had just made, "indorses up to the hilt what I have said."—London Tatler.

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STRENUOUS PASTIME.

The Whip Game as Played by Natives of British Guiana.

Of all the games it has been my lot to witness the most strenuous was the whip game I saw in British Guiana. Before the game the women handed around bowls of the native drink, "palwarie."

Then the players, men and boys, lined up in two rows facing each other. Each carried a whip ornamented with fiber tassels, those of the two end players having whistles attached.

A gentle stamping began, which gradually grew louder till the earth seemed to throb.

Shouts of "Yau au!" rang along the line, and the players waved their whips and swayed gently backward and forward as they stamped.

Presently the two end men passed down between the rows, while those lined up moved slowly in the opposite direction. In rotation the other pairs of men did likewise, and then the whistle men ran swiftly to their original places. The stamping increased in fury, and the whistlers whistled at each other in wild excitement.

They raised their whips and feigned to lash out at each other without much hurt.

The women ran up and down the rows offering their calabashes of "palwarie," and then the real whipping began.

Two men challenged each other to a contest, and the rows retired, still stamping. The whippers, splendidly built fellows, stripped save for loin cloths, were a thrilling sight as they cautiously judged their distances, letting their whips just touch each other's legs.

Then one of them stood firmly and half turned away from the other. Immediately his whip sang through the air and came down on his opponent's calf with a crack. The victim did not flinch, but joined his whipper in a wild sort of dance.

Again and again he submitted to the lash, and then it was the other's turn. I cannot say who won—both were stoics of tremendous endurance. I would have called the bout a draw.

Then the two whippers retired to an adjoining hut, where they indulged freely in "palwarie," and others of the challenging rows took their places in the game, which lasted until the rows were exhausted.—Temple Manning, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Never educate a child to be a gentleman or a lady alone, but to be a man, a woman.

YOURSELF.

No one but yourself can make your life beautiful; no one can be pure, honorable and loving for you.
—J. R. Miller.

Undiscovered Oceans of Truth.

"We may be justly proud of what has been achieved, but let us not fail to remember with Newton that 'the vast ocean of truth' still 'lies' for the most part 'undiscovered before us.' However marked may be the progress of science, her individual votaries must always feel a sense of humility at the little the best of them is able to contribute toward the general result."—Sir Edward Schaefer, in an address to the British association.

Gypsies.

The gypsies are nearer to the animals than any race known to us in Europe. They have the lawlessness, the abandonment, the natural physical grace in form and gesture of animals. Only a stealthy and wary something in their eyes makes them human.—Arthur Symons.

Passed Along.

"You must have liked the servant to whom you gave the letter of recommendation she showed Mrs. Binx," said one woman.

"I didn't care for her at all," replied the other. "But I don't care for Mrs. Binx, either."—Washington Star.

End of the World.

"You said when you asked me to marry you that you would go to the end of the world for me."

"And so I will, but the end of the world is so far off that I can't get to it until the end of the world."—Houston Post.

Thinking Shop.

Hostess—Dr. Spriggins, will you have some of the tongue?

The Doctor (absentmindedly—Oh—er—let me look at it, please.—St. Louis Times.

Shows It.

Knicker—Does your wife understand the use of leftovers? Bocker—Yes; she is constantly pointing out to me how she might have married them.—Judge.

Idleness is the beginning of all vices. —German Proverb.

Re-union— After Years of Separation

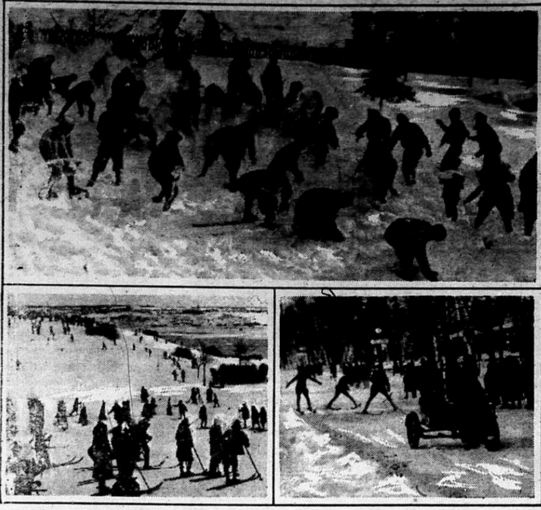
Some ten or eleven years ago Mrs. H. cherished fine plans for her family's future. Her four girls were all bright, clever children who seemed free to travel through life without a single handicap.

But that was years ago. In the meantime Mrs. H. developed consumption—and died. Following quickly upon this disaster the eldest girl showed signs of weak lungs and was promptly sent away to the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives. In two years she returned, cured.

But that was not the end. The other sisters, except the youngest, also fell in the way of tuberculosis. They are now at Muskoka, and making the same progress that their sister made. The father, the eldest girl and youngest girl are now at home preparing for the coming day of reunion.

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Where King Carnival Holds Sway



Upper—The Tozier party at Kent House; a snow-ball fight. Upper left—Skiers at Battlefields Park, Quebec. Lower right—Ski-joring with motorcycle.

Special holiday festivities at Christmas, including a superb fireworks display at the Chateau Frontenac opened the two months winter sports season programme of the Frontenac Club at Quebec City. These continued all Christmas week and were followed on December 30 by the international intercollegiate ski competition in which two entries from Yale and entries from McGill, Loyola and University of Montreal at Montreal, Ottawa College at that city, and Laval University of Quebec, competed in a five-mile cross country ski race and in ski jumping. The former was won by McGill and the latter by Loyola while Loyola also won the Frontenac Winter Sports Club trophy for the best aggregate of points in the competition.

The opening of the New Year was featured by hockey games in one of which Princeton University played a Quebec team, Sons of Ireland, and were defeated. There were also bob-sled races and ski-joring.

Continuance of fine weather and favorable snow conditions have brought the winter sports well into their stride and after the first American invasion by the Dr. Tozier party of about 270 people from Boston, there came a further descent of many tourists from various states in the Union to partake of the keen, invigorating air and exhilarating sport offered in such abundance. Both the first and all succeeding parties put up at the Chateau Frontenac. Individual groups from across the line are also swelling the list of guests and it may be mentioned that two Shea Tours are scheduled to arrive at Quebec next month.

The combination of the last word in luxury at the Chateau Frontenac with every variety of winter sports right at the door of that continent-known hostel accounts for the large influx of visitors. Skiing can be indulged in with no delay or discomfort as skis may be put on in the hotel and then one steps right out on to crisp even snow runs and jumps. Skating is catered to by a rink that is located right on the famous Dufferin Terrace onto which the hotel opens. A half-mile toboggan run, brilliantly illuminated at night, sends the devotees of this form of sport whizzing at a 60-mile an hour clip straight up to the main entrance of the hotel. These are only a few of the winter pleasures so lavishly furnished.

For those who prefer to take their outings more seriously and with a greater expenditure of energy, excursions on snow-shoes or skis have been arranged which will carry the enthusiast to places famous in history, such as Ste. Anne de Beaupre, the Montmorency Falls, and across the ice bridge over the St. Lawrence to the Island of Orleans.

High lights in the winter sports programme take in international hockey matches, of which Princeton-Sons of Ireland is a fair example. The same Quebec team will also meet a team from Dartmouth University. The big noises are, however, two. February 6 and 7 sees the holding of the International Snowshoe Union during which world and Canadian Championship snowshoe races will be run. It is expected that nearly 3,000 uniformed snowshoers will be present from all over Canada and the United States. All sorts of old-world French-Canadian customs and unique features will distinguish this event.

Following the Mardi Gras festival and carnival on February 16 the international Dog Derby will be held February 18-19-20. It will cover 135 miles in all and will be over a distance of 45 miles a day. Many teams from Eastern and Western Canada, from the New England States, and even as far as Chicago are scheduled to take part.

The Curling Bonspiel week and open championship Bob Sled races will bring the season to a conclusion February 27. One of the most popular features of recent years is the team of husky-dogs under the guidance of Arthur Beauvais the well-known Indian guide, and led by the redoubtable "Mountie", which takes passengers for long mushes across country and which are sometimes used to pull ski-ers.

Norway Hotel System.

There is a capital hotel system in vogue in certain parts of Norway. In villages where no hotel exists one of the more prominent inhabitants is subsidized by the Norwegian government and in return is bound to provide accommodation for not fewer than four travelers. He may take in more if he chooses, but four is the minimum. The accommodation and food supplied are excellent and the charges moderate.

Garden Society.

"Why is the lily so haughty?" inquired the mushroom. "She barely nods to the rest of us."

"She is very proud," explained the ivy. "She regards you as an upstart and me as a climber."

Leatherback Turtle.

A marine creature hard to keep alive in captivity is the leatherback turtle. The leatherback is a sea turtle, and it is the biggest of all the turtles. It grows to weigh a thousand pounds or more, six or eight times as much as a man.

Quite the Contrary.

"Does your wife husband your resources?"

"Not while she's trying to husband our daughters."

Good luck is but another name for common sense.

CURIOUS FISHING CUSTOMS.

The Feast That Follows the Capture of a Turtle In Madagascar.

Some of the turtles of Madagascar are oval in form and very fat and plump; others are much thinner and flat. In order to catch them the natives go out to sea in the early morning when the ocean is very smooth and the turtles come to the surface to enjoy their morning nap. They use a kind of harpoon about twelve feet long, shod with a piece of barbed iron and attached to a strong rope a couple of hundred yards in length. The fishers approach the sleeping animal with great care, says James Sibree in "A Naturalist In Madagascar," for when it is struck it dives down immediately, and the fisherman, if he refuses to let go the rope, dives with it, so he tries to make the first blow a mortal one.

As soon as the turtle is caught the captors make for the shore, and all the people gather to share in the feast. No one is allowed to bring anything from a house to the spot. The animal must be wrenched open and cut in pieces with the knives that belong to the canoe. It must be cooked in sea water in its own shell and served in scoops or other vessels from the canoe or in pieces of turtle shell. None of the flesh can be taken into a house to be cooked or eaten there. All these and several other precautions are ancestral customs, and if they were not religiously observed the turtles would disappear, according to universal belief.

The natives of the northwest coast give a curious account of a fish that they call the hamby, which is about as long as a man's arm and as big around as a man's thigh. Its dorsal fin, they say, is like a brush, and it is smeared with a sticky liquid not unlike glue. When it catches another fish it holds it with this sticky brush, and the captive cannot get away. The people make use of this peculiarity in their own fishing. When they have caught a hamby they confine it in a light cage, which they fasten in the sea. They feed the hamby daily with cooked rice or small fish, and when they want to use it they tie a long cord around its tail and follow in a canoe. When it fastens on a fish they pull it in and seize the spoil for themselves.

A Difference.

"You told me Jones had become an actor."

"I didn't say anything of the kind. I told you he had gone on the stage."

She Knew Better.

Ostensible Head of the Family—Maria, there was a canvasser at the office today who wanted to sell me a work on etiquette and good behavior. Teaches it in six lessons. I told him I'd ask you if you thought we wanted it.

Real Head—It's all humbug, John[illegible]t can't be taught in six lessons. I've been trying to teach it to you for sixteen years and haven't succeeded yet.—Exchange.

Photography.

Photography was discovered in this way: Daguerre was lying on a couch in his attic abode and saw a sunbeam fall upon a spot in the darkened room. He was startled to see the objects on the street vividly portrayed in all their colors—in fact, a panorama of the incidents outside. He studied the subject, and his search in the mystery was the beginning of all that is beautiful in photography today.

A CHINESE JACOB.

His Wily Scheme by Which Hsien Feng Reached the Throne.

How Hsien Feng, winning his father's favor after the manner of Jacob, reigned in his stead and hastened the swift decline of the Manchu dynasty in China is told by Messrs. E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland in "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking."

Toward the end of his reign Tao Kuang, concerned as to the succession, had almost decided to confer it upon his favorite son, Prince Kung, a young man much superior in character and intelligence to him who eventually became heir to the throne. It happened, however, that the latter's tutor, Tsao Chenyung, knew of the emperor's predilection and, desiring to enhance his own position, cast about for some means of inducing the sovereign to change his mind and confer the succession upon his pupil.

The emperor, following the dynastic tradition, had given orders one day that his sons should go hunting in the southern park. Etiquette required that a prince who had not completed his studies should ask his tutor for permission to absent himself for the day. Hsien Feng therefore attended at the lecture room in the palace and found his tutor there alone. The prince went up and, making the bow that ceremony requires, asked for leave.

Tsao asked for what purpose, and he answered:

"The emperor wishes me to take a day's shooting."

Tsao whispered to him:

"Ako (the Manchu word used in speaking of or addressing princes meaning, literally, elder brother), take my advice: When you reach the park sit you and watch the others shooting. Do not fire a shot and give orders to your huntsmen not to set any traps. If the emperor asks you for your reason tell him that at this spring season it is not right to take life because both birds and beasts have their young to take care of, and such slaughter is a violation of natural harmony. Take care not to quarrel with your brothers, but do not endeavor to emulate them. If you, ako, will remember this, you are certain to win his majesty's approval, for I know his disposition. On this hinges your whole future. Be careful; do not forget."

When the princes returned in the evening and reported to their father only Hsien Feng had an empty bag. To Tao Kuang's questions he replied exactly as his tutor had told him to do.

The emperor was delighted and said, "This is the conduct of a superior man," and from that day he decided to make him his heir.

In later years, when Tao Kuang had passed away, Hsien Feng raised his tutor to the rank of assistant grand secretary, but he died before attaining to still higher honors.

When Tosti Kissed Melba.

The first time I sang "Goodby" it was in Tosti's studio, and he played the accompaniment himself. The lines "Hush—a voice from far away;" "Listen and learn," it seems to say; "All the tomorrows shall be as today!" "The cord is frayed, the cruse is dry; the link must break and the lamp must die," I sang throughout pianissimo, with only the two slight crescendos that he had marked in the music. Stopping suddenly at the end of those phrases, Tosti kissed me and exclaimed, "That is the way I heard it!" I knew what he meant. The desire prompted by imagination in its composing had been realized. And I was very happy. — Mme. Melba in Woman's Home Companion.

Turn the Children Loose.

Turn them loose. That is the best way to develop the muscles of boys and girls. Turn them loose and let them live wild—climb trees, jump fences, chase squirrels, play with the dogs, dig in the garden, pick flowers, hop, skip and jump and do all sorts of things that a natural human animal wants to do. The trouble is, our boys and girls are tamed too much. We are all born wild and in the civilizing process have to be tamed more or less. Most of us, however, get tamed too much. We become so tamed that we are spoiled.—Good Health.

Defined.

Precocious Child—Papa, tell me what is humbug?

Parent (with a deep drawn sigh)—It is, my dear, when your mamma pretends to be very fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt.

WHY WE WORK.

Young friends, in whatever pursuit you may engage you must not forget that the lawful object of human efforts is but means to higher results and nobler ends. Start not forward in life with the idea of becoming mere seekers of pleasure—sportive butterflies searching for gaudy flowers. Consider and act with reference to the true ends of existence.—E. H. Chapin.

A BLAZE IN JAPAN

Yelling Mobs Throng the Streets When a Fire Starts.

IN A FRENZY OF EXCITEMENT

Every Native In Town Makes a Mad Dash For the Scene of the Conflagration and Chaos Reigns Supreme. Even a Small Fire Is a Big Event.

A fire is a great event in Japan. One would think that, inasmuch as the flimsy construction of the Japanese houses and their packing together make fires of almost daily occurrence—in the cities, at any rate—fires would have lost a portion of their novelty during the ten or fifteen centuries Japan has regularly been burning down. They have not, though. When the fire bell begins to toll the whole population goes to the fire.

I was in a jinrikisha in Yokohama on my way to the railroad station when I heard the clangor of a bell and the coolie who was drawing me shouted: "Kwaji! Kwaji!"—or what sounded like that—and displayed strong evidences of breaking into a gallop.

"Sore wa nanigesuka?" I inquired politely, remembering from my phrase book, "What is that?"

"Kwaji!" he shouted. "Kwaji!"

And so it fell out that we went to the fire—the coolie, the jinrikisha and myself—for I had no words to stop him except a very uncertain "Tomaru!" And he did not choose to tomaru.

The coolie galloped down one street and up another, and in ten minutes I was in the midst of 20,000 people clad in every style of Japanese dress, and all running backward and forward. Not a man walked. All ran. They were so interested and excited that I thought they must be shareholders in the shanties which were burning.

A man dashed wildly to one end of the street elbowing people out of his way, stepping on them, pushing against them, and then he stopped, emitted a wild screech and dashed back again. I say one man did that. In reality a thousand did it on each of the four sides of the block in which the fire was, unconcernedly and in a casual and unhampered manner, demolishing some small houses.

Other thousands—many of them—ran this way a few steps and that way a few steps, all hy-ah!-ing. Not a man stood still except myself, and I soon got away, for the Japanese, frenzied with excitement, were bumping into me from all sides.

Presently the firemen came. They dashed in from all quarters of the city, dragging little hose carts painted red and flying white and red flags.

The hydrants in Yokohama are in manholes below the surface of the street. The firemen joined in the milling throng. They ran back and forth, too, and the spectators ran back and forth after them. There was much shouting and gesticulation. Every fireman, whether regular or volunteer, seemed to be a chief. They all gave orders that nobody obeyed, like a volunteer fire outfit in a country village at home.

There were ten or fifteen minutes of this running back and forth and shouting by the firemen; then some tiny streams of water began to sprinkle on the fire. Also, a few big engines began to squirt. Meantime the firemen were paying no attention to the houses on fire, but were trying to keep other houses from burning. A few of them tore slates from adjacent roofs and cast them indiscriminately into the crowd. Women with bundles of household belongings straggled out of the houses that might catch fire. More thousands came. For four blocks each way the streets were packed from wall to wall with excited people, all running back and forth and all shouting.

I had to club my coolie with my cane to make him start with me to the station, and he looked backward over his shoulder all the way. I was depriving him of a real pleasure—taking something out of his life by not allowing him to stay and help put out that fire.

It seems almost superfluous to say I missed my train or that the jinrikisha man, bowing and smiling, remarked, "I am sorrow for you!" However, that made me later in getting back that night, and as I went up dark and deserted Water street in Yokohama I heard music ahead of me—a kind of music and tune that sounded familiar.

Presently I overtook the musician. He was a Japanese youth, stumping along on his wooden clogs, wearing a derby hat and clad in a kimono, and he was playing on a mouth organ "Shall We Gather at the River?" Wherein was illustrated and exemplified the old and the new Japan.

A Thorough Job.

"Muh wife mar'd me to refawm me, sah," stated Brother Hilsondigger, "an' I'm so plumb bodaciously refawmed dat I wouldn't marry ag'in if I done lived to be as old as Methoozelum!"—Judge.

January Clearing Sale !

Flannelette Bargains

We are placing on sale our entire stock of Flannelettes at prices that will reduce our stock in short notice. Be sure you get your share early.

27-INCH FLANNELETTE

Plain white and colored stripes. Reg. 25c. yd. January Sale Price..............................5 yds. for $1.00

36-INCH FLANNELETTE

Colored stripes and plain white. Reg. price 30c. January Sale Price..............................4 yds. for $1.00

36-INCH ENGLISH FLANNELETTE

In colored stripes, white and plain grey. Reg. 39c. January Sale Price....................3 yds. for $1.00

36-INCH ENGLISH FLANNELETTE

Suitable for Pyjamas, in stripe and plain white. Reg. 50c. January Sale Price per yd.................43c

Hosiery Clearing

CHILDREN'S HEAVY RIBBED WORSTED HOSE

In Black only, sizes 6½ to 10. Regular price 59c. January Sale Price......................2 prs. for 95c

CHILDREN'S RIBBED COTTON HOSE

In a superior quality, in Black and Brown only. January Sale Price..............................4 prs. for 90c

LADIES' SILK AND WOOL HOSE

Our prices in Silk and Wool Hose have always been 15c. to 25c. a pair less. Now look at our prices. The London Lady quality, with hemmed and elastic ribbed tops. January Sale Price......................98c

LADIES5 SILK HOSE

We have a few dozen of Ladies' Art Silk Hose that we are clearing during our January Sale at........ ....3 prs. for $1.00

McIntosh Bros.

W. H. KER, Manager

GOOD BOOKS.

When Personally Owned They Gather a Wealth of Association.

Cultivated men and women have always good books among their most valued possessions, and one cannot believe that this taste can be sacrificed without definite loss to our civilization.

The spoken word can never supplant the written word, and in fact the present tendency is all toward substituting print for speech. Nor can reading in public places take the place of reading one's own books in the quiet of one's home. Books that are owned wait patiently on the reader's leisure, and to have just the book one wants when one wants it must remain one of the supreme luxuries of a cultivated life.

Books, too, when personally owned, writes Earl Barnes in the Atlantic, gather around themselves a wealth of personal associations. The very binding, paper and title page recall the conditions under which the book came into our possession. As we open its pages we remember the last time we read it, the place and circumstances and the people with whom we discussed it. Books have personality, and they must always remain the warm friends of their possessors.

Donizetti and Coffee.

Donizetti, composer of "Lucia di Lammermoor," sought inspiration in the coffeepot. It would be interesting to know accurately the total amount of coffee this erratic genius managed to consume during his short career. It was his habit to shut himself up in his room with writing materials and three or four coffeepots full of steaming coffee. When these were emptied he ordered in three or four more and, these disposed of in their turn, another three or four. His biographer says that the amount of coffee he drank was "fabulous," and one can well believe it. The effect on his once fine constitution was deplorable. His face shriveled and turned yellow, his lips became black, and with the inevitable breakdown of his nervous system his genius fell rapidly into premature decay.

Cutting.

He—Do you know, I have of late fallen into the habit of talking to myself.

She—I wondered why you were looking so fearfully bored.

Hard to Please.

"My wife has finicky tastes."

"Yes?"

"Never wants strawberries till the season's over and doesn't care to see a show until after it has left town."

SOLDIERS AND CANES.

English Military Men Must Not Go Out Walking Empty Handed.

It is one of the regulations of the British army that every soldier when walking out must carry in his hand a stick in order to preserve a soldierly appearance and prevent anything like slouching in his gait.

This rule applies to all ranks, and should any one seek to evade it he would find his progress barred by the sentry at the barrack gate or entrance to camp.

Privates generally carry light canes or "swagger sticks," noncommissioned officers fairly stout sticks, and officers invariably go in for the more expensive kind. It is a question that has often been asked, Who first suggested the idea? But nobody seems to know.

From the earliest times drill sergeants and drum majors have carried sticks, and the fashion may have come from that fact. Soldiers as a rule buy their own sticks, but in one or two regiments a recruit is presented with one when he gets his uniform. If this gets lost, however, he has to buy the next and subsequent ones.

There is a story told of a soldier one day who couldn't find his cane and, knowing he would be challenged if he didn't have something in his hand, quietly picked up a poker and passed through the gate all right with it in his fist.—Dundee Advertiser.

Made the Enemy Furnish Bullets.

When the British were endeavoring to subdue the Maoris they were long the victims of a ruse that enabled the natives to replenish their stock of bullets at the expense of their enemies. Th Maoris would build a dummy and expose it from behind a tree near the British lines. Immediately the British would blaze away at it. Behind the dummy the Maoris would have constructed an earth bank and from this they would later dig their supply of bullets to send back to the British.

A Beaver's Toilet.

It was an interesting sight to watch a beaver at his evening toilet. To begin with, instead of sitting up with his large, flat ribbed tail protruding behind him, he tucked it forward between his hind legs and sat upon it. Then with his hand he carefully combed his long hair, using both hands at the same time. There were many places, however, that could not be reached in this way, for his arms are very short and his body very large, so he combed these otherwise inaccessible places with his hind feet, using first one and then the other. The entire operation was performed with the utmost deliberation and care and occupied more than a quarter of an hour.

Choice Celery

Iceberg Lettuce

Sweet Potatoes

Fresh Tomatoes

Cauliflower

Try Our

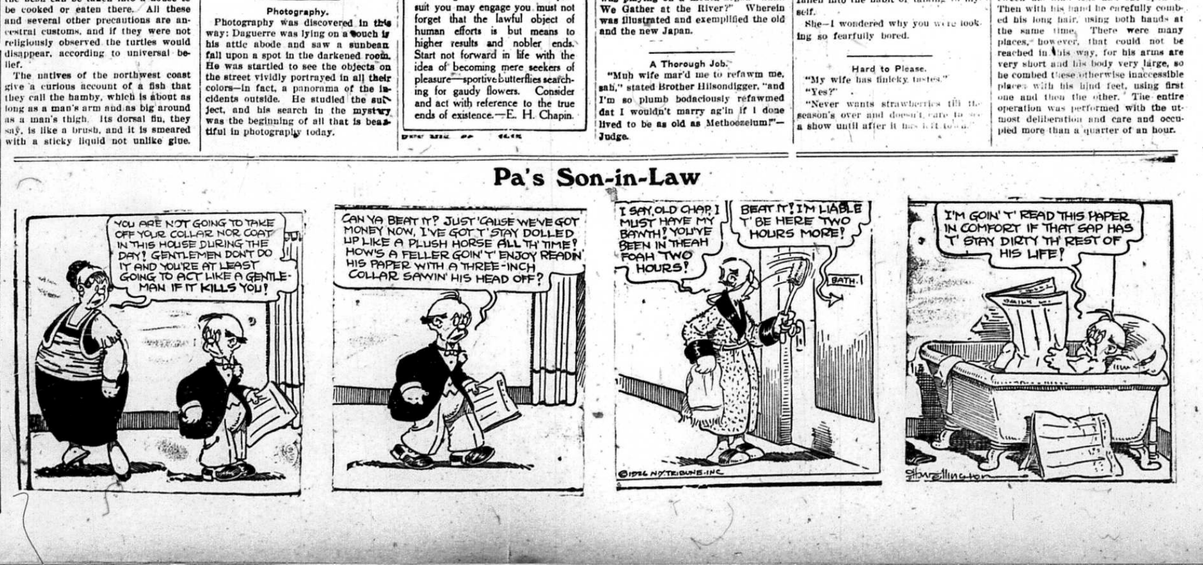
Teas and Coffee

Webster's

Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

Pa's Son-in-Law


YOU ARE NOT GOING TO TAKE OFF YOUR COLLAR NOR COAT IN THIS HOUSE DURING THE DAY! GENTLEMEN DON'T DO IT AND YOU'RE AT LEAST GOING TO ACT LIKE A GENTLEMAN IF IT KILLS YOU!
CAN YA BEAT IT? JUST 'CAUSE WE'VE GOT MONEY NOW, I'VE GOT T' STAY DOLLED UP LIKE A PLUSH HORSE ALL TH' TIME! HOW'S A FELLER GOIN' T' ENJOY READIN' HIS PAPER WITH A THREE-INCH COLLAR SAWIN' HIS HEAD OFF?
I SAY, OLD CHAP, I MUST HAVE MY BAWTH! YOU'VE BEEN IN THERE TWO HOURS!
BEAT IT! I'M LIABLE T' BE HERE TWO HOURS MORE!
BATH
©1926 N.Y. TRIBUNE INC
I'M GOIN' T' READ THIS PAPER IN COMFORT IF THAT SAP HAS T' STAY DIRTY TH' REST OF HIS LIFE!
Wellington

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Automobile Hockey Skates
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Also the Bristol Loud Speaker which has no equal.

When interested in Radio call and see us. We can give you time on same, if necessary.

Radio Batteries—all styles.

1 Northern Electric 4-tube Radio Set, for sale cheap.

Then, don't forget that we carry a complete line of Electric Fixtures, Shades, and Lamps of all kinds.

Thor Washing Machines.

National Electric Appliances of all kinds.

We also have on hand some Japanese Vases and Shades which can be had for the small sum of $8.50.

House wiring a specialty.

An Overland light four, for sale cheap.

Vine's Electric Shop
Market Square. - 'Phone 367
Residence Phone 112-F.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

HEAT FOLKS
THEY USED TO SHUT OFF SOME OF THE ROOMS WHEN WINTER LOOSED HIS CHILLY GLOOMS
BUT NOW YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THEM BOAST BECAUSE EACH ROOM IS WARM AS TOAST

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1865-1925

Everybody is talking about Florida. But we have decided that we will find (it) lots cheaper at home.

Besides, the people in Florida don't have the utter satisfaction of sitting around a cosy fire, enjoying the storms from the safe shelter of a warm home.

We can't sell you a ticket to Florida, but we have plenty of Burnside coal to keep you warm here.

Let us have your order.

Anthracite in all sizes.

Call the *HEAT FOLKS*
for good, clean coal

VanLuven
Phone 92 Napanee

To the Public.

All parties are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Mary Ann Snider.

FRANK SNIDER, Odessa.
6-bp

Children's Photographs.

You should have a permanent record of the ever changing expressions of child-life—have their pictures made more often. Preserve the little smiles they have for you now—next year they may have grown out of them, anyway they will be different. Make an appointment to-day, for either in your own home, or at my studio. I make a specialty of child-photography.

BERTRAM F. HAWLEY.
Residence—Studio,
Dundas Street, West. 45-tf

The I. O. D. E. Competitions.

Do not fail to compete for the above. The prizes are substantial and worth the effort. Results will be published throughout Canada, in "Echoes," the official organ of the Order, and probably in other Journals. Conditions governing the above can be obtained from "The Napanee Express" of the 5th of January, from the Regent or any member of the "U. E. L." Chapter I.O.D.E. The Contest for the Christmas Card design closes on **1st February, 1926,** therefore, hasten in sending in material to the proper headquarters. The local Chapter of the I.O.D.E. would very much like to see some of these honours coming to Napanee or its vicinity. The Competitions are open to anyone clever enough to win them, so try your wings in this flight.

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Illustrations on request.

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GRACE UNITED CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

Public Worship at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., will be conducted by the Pastor.

9.30—Class meeting

11.45—Sunday School and Bible Classes.

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, 7.30 p. m.—Midweek Prayer and Praise service.

Leave March 15 clear for Miss Frances Nickawa.

Hyacinth Bulbs.

Large bulbs, mixed colors. We are clearing out the balance of our stock at 5c. each. Plant now for Easter bloom.

GEO. E. WINTER.

Green Cord Wood.

Gibbard Furniture Shops will have a supply of green cord wood of 4-foot lengths, which they will sell at $10 a cord, or cut wood at $4.00 a rack. 7-c

Liberals to Meet.

The Liberals of Lennox County will meet in the Town Hall on Friday afternoon, January 29th, at 2.30. This will be an important meeting and a large attendandce is requested. Election of officers will take place at this meeting.

B. F. DAVY, Sec'y.
W. R. LOTT, President.

Clean Your Stove Pipes.

During the past week the firemen have received several calls to different parts of the town, and on arrival have found stove pipes and chimneys on fire. Owing to our citizens being compelled to use different substitutes for coal, it would be a wise move to have the pipes and chimney cleaned at least every six weeks. It only takes a few minutes and saves a lot of trouble.

Team Runs Away and Driver Seriously Injured.

A serious accident occurred on Thursday evening at Switzerville, a few miles east of Napanee, when Mr. Russell Craig, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Craig, suffered a double fracture of the hip and other inuries when his team ran away. Mr. Craig was moving his sawing machine when it upset, frightening the team and causing them to run away. Dr. Stratton was telephohned for immediately and the injured man was taken to Kingston General Hospital in Messrs. F. C. Martin & Son's ambulance.

Presentation to Dr. Gleeson.

On Tuesday evening a very pleasing event took place at the residence of Miss J. Greenan, Glenelg St., Lindsay, when Dr. Gleeson was the recipient of a presentation. A number of the friends of the doctor were invited to spend the evening and a few hours' social intercourse were thoroughly enjoyed. After a dainty lunch was served by Miss Greenan the guests assembled in the parlor where the presentation of a beautiful set of walnut Windsor chairs and an end table was made to the genial doctor. The presentation came in the nature of a surprise to Dr. Gleeson who acknowledged the presentation in a neat address. This was followed by the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Riverside Cemetery.

The annual meeting of the Napanee Cemetery Co. (Riverside) was held in the Council Chamber on Wednesday afternoon, when among other things the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. The first item of business after the reading of the minutes was the election of the Board of Directors, resulting as follows : Messrs. Steacy Vanalstine, R. S. Wales, Henry Creighton, W. H. Dunbar and E. J. Walters. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors the following were elected : President, Mr. E. J. Walters ; Secretary, Mr. W. H. Dunbar ; Treasurer, Mr. Henry Creighton ; Auditor, Mr. J. G. Fennell. A resolution was carried expressing regret in the death of the late Mr. E. S. Lapum, who was for many years Treasurer for the company.

Lennox Agricultural Society

The annual meeting of The Lennox Agricultural Society was held in the Town Hall Tuesday afternoon, there being a fair representation of officers and directors present. Mr. J. A. Laughland, the local representative of the Department of Agriculture, occupied the chair, the main business of the afternoon being the election of officers for the year 1926, which resulted as follows :—President, Mr. Menzo Grooms ; First Vice-President, Mr. Roy Armstrong (Sillsville) ; Secretary, Mr. J. L. Boyes ; Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Robinson ; Honorary Directors : Messrs. Jno. Hubbs, M.P., W. S. Herrington, K.C., Dr. G. W. Morden, E. J. Sexsmith, ex-M.P., J. G. Daly and H. Daly ; Honorary Lady Directors : Mrs. Geo. Switzer, Mrs. Fred Henderson, Mrs. H. Shannon, Mrs. J. W. Robinson, Mrs. W. A. Daly, Mrs. Dr. Galbraith, Mrs. J. L. Boyes, Mrs. C. I. Maybee, Miss F. Johnson, Miss Diana Miller, Miss Edna Ashley ; Directors : Messrs. C. W. Hambly, M.P.P., G. W. Gibbard, W. H. Boyle, E. J. Roy, Geo. Switzer, E. H. Sills, J. S. Johnson, J. Laughland, Ed. Kaylor, C. A. Walters, T. B. Wallace, W. G. Schell, Frank Smith, W. H. Hunter, Rockwell Parks, Arthur Rood, Hiram Shannon, F. H. Henderson, Ross Card, Russell, Reeve M. P. Graham and W. Cranston.

WIFE AND HUSBAND BOTH ILL WITH GAS

"For years I had gas on the stomach. The first does of Adlerika helped. I now sleep well and all gas is gone. It also helped my husband." (Signed) Mrs. B. Brinkley. ONE spoonful Adlerika removes GAS and often brings astonishing relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Brings out old, waste matter you never thought was in your system. This excellent intestinal evacuant is wonderful for constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

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DESERONTO, ONT.
Minister :
Rev. H. G. Richardson, B.A.

Hours of Sunday services—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Seats free.

All are cordially invited.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R J. Merriam, Pastor

Bethany Church—We will D.V. hold Communion Service at 10.30 a.m.

All other services withdrawn at this hour.

Quarterly Board will meet on Monday, Feb. 1st, at 2.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning Prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Friday, 6.00 p.m., Sunday School supper.

7.30 p.m., Sunday School Concert.

Hockey Match !

Oh, boy ! Won't it be a good game of hockey at the Napanee Arena on Wednesday evening when the fast Verona team try conclusions withh the Napanee team. Come and see the best game of the season. Tickets 35c. and 20c.

Turkey Case Decided.

Mr. W. Smith, of Tyendinaga Reserve lost in the court action which was brought against him by Mr. Nicholas Hill, at Deseronto. The charge was that on September 25th, 1925, the two dogs of the defendant had killed twelve turkeys belonging to the plaintiff, in the woods adjoining his home. The result was in favor of the plaintiff, who was awarded $36.00 damages, the defendant paying all costs.

Picton Wins From Napanee.

The Napanee Hockey team went to Picton on Monday evening for the return match with the Picton team. The Napanee boys were defeated by a score of 9-5. On the way home one of the cars carrying the Napanee boys met with a mishap on an icy piece of road and was ditched. The occupants of the car all esceaped with a few cuts and bruises excepting Mr. Harry Babcock, who, besides a few small cuts and bruises, received a severe gash in his cheek. He was taken to Belleville hospital for treatment.

Napanee Curlers Win.

The Ontario Tankard games for this district were played at Kingston on Monday. Rinks were present from Kingston, Belleville, Napanee, Rockwood and Brockville. In the preliminary round, Napanee won from Rockwood and Brockville won from Belleville. Brockville, then won from Kingston and Napanee won from Brockville in the final game by 10 shots. The Napanee rinks will now go to Toronto to meet the winners of other districts. The Napanee Rinks were :

Dr. McLaughlin	W. J. Jewell
P. C. Killorin	H. W. Huffman
A. L. Dafoe	W. A. Daly
M. P. Graham, sk.	C. I. Maybee, sk.

Play for the District Cup takes place in Kingston to-day. Napanee Curling Club will be represented by two rinks.

W. A. Steacy	W. Roy
Roy Howie	E. J. Corkill
Matt. Taylor	J. A. Pringle
F. J. Vanalstine	F. Bell
Skip	Skip

A DIRTY CASE

Customer—"Waiter, there is a button in my soup."

Waiter—(ex-printer) "Typographical error, sir, it should be mutton."—Lehigh Burr.

IF WINTER COMES

Little Ada—"Mother, shall I run out and post this letter ?"

Mother—"No, child, certainly not. It's pouring in torrents, and not fit to turn a dog out of doors. Let your father go."—Ex.

FURNISHING A ROOM.

Try to Convey the Impression of Repose and Hominess.

The furniture which we select should be designed for its livable qualities. It is not a question of whether the room is furnished consistently with Louis XVI. furniture or with empire or with something else, but whether the furniture combines with the walls and floor and ceiling to complete a room with a single impression—hominess, restfulness, repose.

Now, repose and restfulness depend very largely upon color harmonies, and it is therefore well that our furniture harmonize in this respect. A room which contains a chair or two in walnut, others in mahogany and fumed oak and a sofa in golden oak cannot help being bad. Such a room is bound to affect the nerves of every sensitive person who comes into the room.

For this reason a room should be very predominantly mahogany in color, very predominantly fumed oak or very predominantly something else, but it should not be a mixture. With a paneled interior of gray, mahogany will go very beautifully, whether it be Chippendale, Sheraton or colonial or all three mixed.—Lionel Robertson and T. C. O'Donnell in Good Health.

Who'll Be Captain.

Newlywed (after the ceremony): "Dearest, do you really think I'll prove a satisfactory mate?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh, you'll do as a mate. Now tell me what you think of your captain."

A Submerged Village.

Hidden beneath the water of Lake Antrona, Switzerland, for nearly 300 years, the houses of a submerged village are once again visible, owing to the water receding.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Morning Class.
10.30—Morning Service.
Subject, "Church Building."
11.45 Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Public Worship.
Subject, "Is the World getting any Better ?"
Monday, 7.30—Church School Young People's Section.
Wednesday, 8.00 p.m.—A program of music and motion picture.

IS BRITAIN DISAPPEARING?

Almost Every Year Old Landmarks Disappear.

Engineers and scientists are really alarmed at the erosion which is going on all round Britain's shores, says a writer in Answers, and serious discussions are taking place as to ways and means for dealing with Neptune's menace.

At the present time erosion is taking place to an alarming extent all along the South Coast. Hundreds of millions of tons of shingle have been carried out to sea, though it is only occasionally, when voracious Neptune takes an extra large mouthful, that attention is called to disappearing Britain.

Neptune is not particular as to where he bites. Right round the coast, from Durham, down the coasts of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Essex, Sussex, Kent, and up the Western coast to Cheshire and Lancashire, the erosion goes on. No one knows where the land goes, or why.

At some places the erosion is so rapid as to be startling. Fifteen years ago I stood in an old church on the cliffs in Dunwich, in Suffolk. At my back was the tower; in front of me the nave, 150 feet or more long, stretched down to the very brink of the cliffs.

This was the last of the churches of Dunwich, the once great city which has been swallowed by the sea.

I visited the spot again last year. Every bit of the church had gone over the cliffs into the sea. Lady chapel, nave, and even the tower had disappeared, together with the land on which they had stood.

On the Sussex coast the sea has been playing "put and take" for centuries. At modern Winchelsea, for many years the sea has been receding. This means that, at this point, Sussex is actually being enlarged; but the sea has not receded far enough to uncover even a part of what was once one of the chief cities of England.

With, perhaps, the single exception of Dunwich, no town has been so completely effaced as old Winchelsea, "the ruins thereof lie under the waves three miles within the high sea."

Around this vanished city lay the great forest of Dimsdale, the remains of which may still be seen, near the village of Pett, at extra low tides.

Old Winchelsea reached the zenith of its fame in the reign of King John, when it was chief of the Cinque ports.

At the height of its glory Neptune demanded its surrender. A succession of terrific storms assailed it, and in 1236 occurred a great flood.

An old chronicle relates: "The sea, forced contrary to its natural course, flowed twice without ebbing, yielding such a roaring that the same was heard (not without great wonder), a far distance from the shore. Beside other hurt that was done in bridges, mills, breaks, and banks, there were 300 houses and some churches drowned with the rising of the water course."

After this no year went by without the sea taking toll of the town, and in 1287 came the climax. So great and sudden was the onslaught of the sea in this year that the citizens had to flee for their lives. Here is an entry of the panic-stricken Clerk of Rye:

"On the 2nd of the month of February the sea in the Isle of Thanet rose and swelled so high that it brake all the walls and drowned all the grounds; so that from the great wall of Appledore, as far as Winchelsey towards the south and west, all the land lay under the water lost."

Of ancient Winchelsea not a vestige remains. Streets, shops, churches, houses, all lie buried, fathoms deep, in the sea.

Essex has also suffered badly from the inroads of the sea. Centuries ago an important town and seaport, called Orwell, stood on a neck of land now more than two miles from the present coasting. All that remains of it are the West Rocks, which were the foundations of some of its buildings.

The visitor to Selsey Bill who stands at the end of the promontory looks out over a stretch now covered by the sea, over which he could formerly have walked on firm, dry land, for over a mile. This walk would have lain through a spacious forest, abounding in red deer, and in the course of it an ancient cathedral and palace would have been encountered.

Thousands of acres have been consumed off the Yorkshire coast, such famous towns as Old Hornsea, Ravenspur and Ravensrod have been washed away. A huge slice of Cheshire has also gone.

Off the north coast of Wales is a large track of submerged land, now known as Lavan Sands. In days long gone it was a fertile plain.

A similar tale of the sea's ravages might be told all round the coast.

Unlucky.

"This is the twelfth time I've called about this bill," began the collector.

"I hope you won't call again," said the debtor. "I'm a bit superstitious about the number thirteen, and I'm afraid something might happen to one or the other of us."

The Word "Canvassing."

How "canvassing" got its election significance is a puzzle. The word appears originally to have meant tossing in a canvas or blanket and thence generally mishandling or assaulting. "I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat," is the Duke of Gloucester's threat to the bishop of Winchester in "King Henry VI." The next stage of meaning was that of destructive criticism, from which to thorough discussion—"canvassing" a subject—was simple enough. But how exactly did it arrive at the election sense? Dr. Johnson explained that the term meant "trying votes previously to the decision" and derived it from "canvas, as it signifies a sieve."

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AND MOULDINGS
[illegible]

CALLED THE GAME.

Two Foul Balls Shocked the Australian Sense of Propriety.

A game of baseball that was scheduled as a feature of the police and firemen's patriotic carnival at the agricultural show grounds came to an abrupt and dramatic conclusion almost before it was started. It was a match game, America versus Australia.

In America's second inning a player deflected a fast ball straight for the densest portion of the crowd, and a scream was heard. The ambulance men rushed to the spot and found that a woman had been struck on the head by the ball, but was not seriously injured.

Without waiting to see if any damage had been done the players coolly procured another ball and continued the game just as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. A few moments later this ball was also deflected to the upper story of the pavilion, striking a man on the shoulder.

At this Mr. Flowers, the minister for health, who was present, rushed out on to the ground and called out, "Stop this silly game!"

The players promptly obeyed his orders, and play ceased.—Sydney (Australia) Herald.

The City.

Cities are made, not born. No two cities are alike. The sum of one city is never equal to all the parts of another. Once a city, not always a city; sometimes only a dust heap. A city is made up of a part of the country filled with inhabitants. It consists of houses, streets and debts. No city is complete without a hospital and a franchise plant. The hospital is used to shelter its victims and to provide its surgeons with plenty of working material. The franchise plant enables it to support politicians. A city without politicians would be like a steam laundry without any steam.

Cities are an antidote for farms. Up to date, however, no cure has been found for the antidote.—Life.

The Stuart Penny.

A pamphlet published in 1677, entitled "The Worth of a Penny, or, a Caution to Keep Money, With the Causes of the Scarcity and Misery of the Want Thereof In These Hard and Merciless Times," contains a list of articles obtainable for a penny in the days of Charles II. These include "a dish of coffee to quicken your stomach and refresh your spirits," "a fair cucumber" and "portions of such commodities as nuts, vinegar, grapes, cake, onions and oatmeal." The catalogue of pennyworths obtainable at an apothecary's is a lengthy one and includes "lettuce to make you sleep, mithridate to make you sweat and aniseed, which may save your life in a fainting or swound."—London Mirror.

Odd Name Oddly Won.

The inn known as the "Same Yet," at Prestwich, has a curious history, which Mr. Hackwood relates: "The house originally bore the 'Seven Stars,' but many years ago it became necessary to have its faded sign repainted. When the painter asked the landlord what he was to put on the board he received the answer, 'The same yet.' And the man took him at his word."—London News.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

One of the busiest players in motion pictures today is Lloyd Hughes, who portrays Blair Farquar in First National's screen versionof "SALLY," in which Colleen Moore wlil be starred.

And a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

If you are looking for thrills, if it is red-blooded romance you want in your motion picture entertainment, do not miss Buck Jones in "HEARTS AND SPURS."

Also a 2-reel Western.

And a comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Harold Lloyd in his latest special 8-reel comedy, "THE FRESHMAN,"—Bringing everything to make you happy ! Laughs galore ! Thrills and heart throbs ! Suspense that will send an icy finger up your spine—Crammed, jammed full of the stuff that makes life worth living !

Admission : Children 20c. ; Adults, 35c.

LOOK, CHILDREN, LOOK !

The first 100 children to Wonderland Saturday will receive a Harold Lloyd balloon Free.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.
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The Home of Good Photo Plays.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Cats, Dogs and Monkeys Seem to Be in a Class by Themselves.

Horses are generally given credit for a great deal more intelligence than they actually possess. Scientific tests show that in wisdom such as human beings display horses are hopelessly outclassed by dogs, monkeys and even cats.

The horse can be taught to do certain things just because he is too stupid to have any ideas of his own. Like many human prize pupils, he can learn, but cannot think.

So far as intelligence goes, psychological experiments show that it is practically a dead heat between cats, dogs and monkeys.

The dog has human morals; therefore people are apt to assume that he has human logic. But the cat, say certain persons, in sheer brains stands next to man. He has the adaptive intelligence that makes him equally at home in parlor and wild woods and gets him a living anywhere. A cat, it is argued, can think faster and take care of himself under more different conditions than any other living thing except man.

Monkeys undoubtedly seem more intelligent than they really are because they resemble human beings in actions and outward appearance so much more closely than other animals.

Some scientists maintain that, although the monkey may be really no more intelligent than the cat or dog, his intelligence is certainly more like the human type.

Although he may not think better, his methods of thought are more like those of a man than are those of the other animals.

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Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the ancient world are: Pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter by Phidias, the Mausoleum of Artemisia and the Colossus of Rhodes.

The seven wonders of the middle ages are: The Coliseum of Rome, the Catacombs of Alexandria, the Great Wall of China, Stonehenge, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Porcelain Tower of Nanking and the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople.

The seven new wonders of the world are Wireless, Telephone, Aeroplane, Radium, Antiseptics and Antitoxins, Spectrum Analysis and X Rays.—Philadelphia Press.

Getting On.

"How are you getting on with your photography?"

"Well," answered the young man with brown finger tips, "I'm doing better. The snapshot portrait I took of Mr. Curmudge must have been recognizable."

"You are sure of that?"

"Perfectly, for as soon as Curmudge saw it he said he could whip the man who made that picture."

Brick

Special Prices to clear out the yard.

W. H. J. HAINES
TAMWORTH, - ONTARIO
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GOT A SURPRISE.

He Expected to Be Quite Conspicuous, but Found Himself Ignored.

"Say," said the man who takes himself seriously, "I had a great surprise thrust upon me when I went down to get my marriage license last month When I think it over I am ready to assert that it was a disagreeable surprise.

"I sneaked into the big office under the impression that everybody was watching me But when I told the clerk at the window what I wanted he took the information with a coolness that was almost disgusting. When I gave him my name—which seemed to me to reverberate like thunder—not a solitary clerk raised his head. And nobody laughed when the inquisitor asked me how I spelled it. When I gave the lady's name and fancied everybody would titter the only sound I could hear was the turning of record leaves and the muddled clicking of a distant typewriter.

"Why, they couldn't have treated me with more indifference if I had been buying marriage licenses twice a day for ten years.

"I went into that office feeling shamed and sensitive and sneaking.

"I came out hurt, humiliated, humbled.

"I had expected to be ridiculed—I was absolutely ignored."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Elisha Mitchell, Who Started It, Was a Martyr to His Science.

The first government geological survey in America was conducted by Elisha Mitchell, who was born in Washington, Conn., about the year 1794. He was a graduate of Yale and became professor of mathematics in the University of North Carolina. Afterward he became professor of chemistry, and in 1821 he was ordained a Presbyterian minister.

As state surveyor of North Carolina he made an extensive geological survey, and he was the first to ascertain that the mountains of North Carolina are the highest east of the Rockies. He was a martyr to science, for to settle some disputed point about the altitude of these mountains he reascended them in 1857, lost his way at night, fell down a precipice and was killed. The geological survey of the United States, which has carried out on a large scale the work commenced by Mitchell, was created for the purpose of preparing a map of the United States, classifying the public lands, examining the geological structure, mineral resources and the products of the republic and investigating the extent to which the arid and semiarid lands may be redeemed by irrigation.—New York World.

Raleigh's Advice.

If any desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee further he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an evasion by syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, he needs not; therefore, from suretyship, as from a manslayer or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this: that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt become a beggar.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

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for Custom Grinding.
M. R. MIDMER.
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Dramas and Comedies

Actions for breach of promise of marriage are becoming fewer in number each year, writes Charles Kingston, though the recent case in which a woman was awarded £1,000 against an Indian law student may have the effect of increasing a form of litigation that is unpopular in most parts of the world. Indeed, in many countries the jilted person has no remedy; the friends of the aggrieved woman usually take the law into their own hands and chastise the offender.

There is a mistaken impression that women are always the plaintiffs, in spite of the fact that there have been numerous actions in which they have played the part of defendant.

Some years ago a butcher sued one of his wealthy customers for breach of promise of marriage, alleging that from admiring his stock she had turned to admiring him. That there had been a lengthy flirtation was true enough, but the woman denied that she had ever had any intention of marrying the tradesman, and, although the verdict was given against her, damages were assessed at only one shilling. Compare this with the £50,000 that the Marquess of Northampton paid Miss Daisy Markham.

Most remarkable of all, however, is the case known in legal annals as Blake vs. Wilkins. There never was a more eccentric or farcical trial in the Old Country, for the plaintiff was a man of thirty and the defendant a widow of nearly seventy. From first to last the proceedings created uproarious laughter, the defence being not the least amusing feature of an extraordinary case.

The action was really an attempt on the part of a penniless ex-officer to extract money from a wealthy and foolish woman, and to save her from her mercenary "lover" her own counsel devoted his speech to ridiculing her pretensions to be an asset in the matrimonial market. He drew attention to her age, her false teeth, her wig, and her wrinkled skin.

The barrister enjoyed himself so much that he failed to notice the effect his speech was having on his client, but when the trial ended in a verdict for the defendant and counsel left the court to receive the plaudits of the crowd, the first person he encountered was the infuriated widow, who proceeded to horsewhip him.

The chief argument against the breach suit is its liability to abuse, and it would be easy to prove that it has been used for purposes of blackmail. Young men of good family have paid up rather than face a claim for damages in open court, and foolish women have thrown good money after adventurers for the same reason.

Occasionally we hear of rapacity over-reaching itself, and then the jury is called upon to award one farthing.

The law, however, is peculiar and, as Mr. Bumble said, "a hass." For instance, it permitted a verdict in favor of a middle-aged woman who sued a youngster of twenty-one for jilting her, although she admitted that he had made the proposal when a schoolboy. Again, it is on record that a man who proposes to another woman in the lifetime of his wife can be sued successfully if he does not carry out his promise within a reasonable time after he has become a widower.

It is not to be expected, however, that many women would go into court in such circumstances, but the temptation to get something for nothing is often irresistible, and men and women will make themselves ridiculous provided there is a prospect of golden compensation.

That was the only reason why a certain girl sued the same man twice within a brief period. She was a good-looking shop assistant when she accidentally made the acquaintance of a wealthy officer — and after a whirlwind courtship became engaged to him.

Then ensued a period of doubt and stress for the officer, who, pestered by his relatives, eventually succumbed to their entreaties that he should jilt the girl.

He could not have been surprised when he was served with a writ. He considered that £500 was a generous estimate of what she had lost by being deprived of such a husband, and the plaintiff disagreed with him. That he had too modest an opin[illegible] of his own worth was proved at [illegible] trial, for a jury awarded the girl £4,000.

The same week the defendant met her, and under beauty's spell, proposed to her again. When, however, he woke up next morning and remembered what he had done, he repented, and as soon as the girl heard that he had changed his mind again she caused him to be served with another writ. The judge and jury decided that a court of law could not be turned into a money-making machine, and awarded her sixpence.

It is a commonplace to say that no one is proof against the darts of Cupid or the fickleness of the human heart. In the long list of defendants in breach of promise cases may be found two wealthy members of Parliament, many representatives of the peerage, the editor of a matrimonial paper, and an Eastern potentate; while there is an ex-king who paid many thousands of pounds to soothe the feelings of the eccentric Milan of Serbia, which alone makes him unique amongst monarchs.

Panoramas.

Panoramas, invented by Robert Baker, are bird's-eye views painted round the wall of a circular building. In 1788 Baker exhibited a view of London, which was the first picture of the kind ever produced.

Shows Smallness of Soul.

The man who cannot forgive a wrong, like a dog oppressed of a brutal master, cannot claim superiority of soul.

Swift For a Short Distance.

Sparrows can fly short distances at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

Optimistic Thought.

Better have an open enemy than a sneering friend.

WHEN MEN WORE MUFFS.

Likewise Silk Stockings and Plaid Shawls and Capes.

In the good old days about which so many men so dreamily read and profess to reverence, and when men were believed to be more bold and dashing and daring than they are now, the muff was the thing of winter wear for men. It was a regular part of a gentleman's cold weather toilet.

Among Horace Walpole's Christmas gifts to his friend George Montagu, in 1676, were "Anecdotes of Painting," a pamphlet on "Libels," the "Castle of Otranto" and a muff. That was the period of the muff for men. It had been an article of men's apparel for many years before, and men retained the muff for long years afterward, it being cast off when men forswore colored silks and satins, rare laces and jeweled shoe buckles.

It was not so far back in American history that men wore silk stockings—not merely silk socks—and knee garters and fancy garter buckles, and many men walking the streets of Washington today remember when their sex wore brilliant plaid shawls and when the cloth cape, called a "talma," was the height of masculine fashion. Now and then one sees a gentleman of the old school walking along with a gold headed cane and wearing a somewhat motheaten, frayed or shiny "talma."—Washington Star.

AN ICEBERG AT SEA.

One of the Most Awe Inspiring Spectacles in Nature.

There is nothing in nature so imposing and awe inspiring as the iceberg, writes Lacey Amy in the Wide World Magazine. It gives an overpowering sense of relentless force, of dignity and of brilliance.

Beneath the sun's vivid rays or the dark clouds of threatening storm, in the moon's cold beams or dimly through the shadows of moonless night, in calm and tempest—every one of them, from the tiny "growler" to the huge mass of spurs, rouses at first glimpse an awe undiminished by a growing appreciation of its beauty.

Always before one is the thought that but an eighth of the iceberg's bulk shows above the water, the remainder stretching down and down into the blue-green depths and out and out until captains breathe freely only when the horizon is clear of them. Far out in the ocean, with the largest steamers passing swiftly miles inside, they ground upon the bottom in tremendous depths and calmly await the relieving touch of sun and current.

In the wildest seas and strongest gales these frigid mountains float undisturbed. There could be no seasickness on an iceberg, for its foundations are fathoms below the wave disturbance.

An Earthquake.

The horror of experiencing an earthquake has been set down by F. S. Lyman, who was in the Hawaiian Islands some years ago, when there began a series of earthquakes on the southern flanks of a so called "quiet volcano."

"First the earth swayed to and fro from north to south, then from east to west, then round and round, up and down, and finally in every imaginable direction, for several minutes, everything crashing around and the trees thrashing as if torn by a hurricane, and there was a sound as of a mighty wind. It was impossible to stand. We had to sit on the ground, bracing with hands and feet to keep from being rolled over. The villages on the shore were swept away by the great wave that rushed upon the land immediately after the earthquake."—Exchange.

Suspicions of Charles Reade.

Wealthy men are often abnormally suspicious of tricks. The celebrated author Charles Reade was one of this kind. He always imagined he was being robbed and set traps to catch the thieves. When he became lessee of a certain theater he suspected that his ticket office cheated him by letting in the public for anything they could get and keeping the money. So Reade turned up the collar of his overcoat, pulled his hat down over his eyes and shuffled up to the box office as the people were going in He shoved a half crown in the box office keeper's hand and whispered: "It's all right—that's for you—I don't want a ticket. Just pass me through." The clerk ran out, seized Reade by his coat collar and was passing him roughly into the street when he recognized his "chief."

Origin of the Name Automobile.

The word automobile comes from two words, one Greek and the other Latin. The two words are auto and mobile. The former is derived from the Greek autos, meaning self, and the latter from the Latin mobilis, abverb, movable. This is originally derived from the Latin verb moveo, movero, movi, motus, meaning to move. We are unable to say who first suggested the name for self propelled vehicles.

For Bachelors.

"My fortune is made!" exclaimed the inventor.

"What is it now?"

"An alarm clock with a phonograph attachment that will reason with a man when it arouses him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Thoroughly Human.

Everybody looks at the first name on a subscription list before signing it. Don't know whether it's a human trait or an idiosyncrasy.—Toledo Blade.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare.—Ali Ben Abu Taleb.

Forests of Camphor.

One of the most important of Japan's monopolies is the camphor production of the island of Formosa. The present area of camphor afforestation is 10,650 acres, and some of the trees are from 500 to 1,000 years old.

Wanted Pleasure Prolonged.

Julia was invited to a birthday party given at an exclusive tearoom. When she was asked to choose dessert she said: "I believe I'll take gum—it will make the party last longer."

THE ELDORADO RANCH

COUNTESS BUBNA IS BREEDER OF HORSES AND PIGS.

Is One of the Few Remaining Big Ranchers In British Columbia—Is a Keen Judge of Horses—Has Eight Thousand Acres.

Countess Bubna is one of the few remaining big ranchers in the Kelowna district of British Columbia, having what is generally known as the Postill Ranch, although she has changed the name to the Eldorado Ranch, says a correspondent in the Montreal Weekly Star.

The Countess is a daughter of the second Duchess of Sutherland and although she travels widely and in many lands, she always comes back to her farm.

Before she acquired her present ranch, she had the Merino Ranch, near Cochrane, Alberta. From a brown house, nestled in amongst the hills, half a mile or so back from the road, the Countess comes and goes, but she goes oftenest to the pasture where the Shire mares are feeding. Next to the horses, the pigs claim her best attention.

Capt. Paddy Acland, the farm manager will tell you, that the primary purpose of the place is mixed farming, but it is doubtful if the Countess does not lose interest after the horses and pigs are cared for. Not but that she is determined that the ranch shall make a return on investment, but the real enjoyment she gets from it is the horses.

She is specially interested now in a cross between the Shire and Clydesdale. She imported six pure-bred Shire mares some years ago and is breeding these to a Clydesdale stallion, Boro Forester. From the cross she thinks she should get the perfect cart horse, trim and clean about the feet and legs, good bone and with good disposition and constitution. The stallion which she has at present is not very large, but he is leaving stock that is very satisfactory. This year there are eight nice colts on the place including a couple of thoroughbreds.

The Countess is a keen judge of horses, light or draft, and the result of her experiment in this cross is of the utmost moment to her now. As she is about the only breeder of horses in that whole valley, her place is especially interesting.

In the winter the Countess Bubna goes to Egypt and amidst the luxurious surroundings of a super houseboat, enjoys the country that was once Cleopatra's. In the spring she comes back, with her two daughters, to her farm in the Valley of the Okanagan.

There are eight thousand acres in the ranch, six hundred being under cultivation. Ten miles of new fencing were added this year, bringing considerably more range under fence. The Countess has had this ranch since about 1920 and in spite of fruit trees to right of her and fruit trees to left of her, continues to keep this as a stock farm. She has been feeding a number of cattle there each winter, selling them off in the early summer, after they have had a final fling at the early grass. Last year 180 tons of hay were put up but it is not probable that this would supply the requirements of the ranch during even the short winter.

Wheat, oats and barley are grown for feed. A few dairy cows supply milk and butter for the place, but after the horses, in the mind of the Countess come the pigs. Originally she had Yorkshires, but having been persuaded that these are not suitable to that country, is going in for Berkshires.

The ranch has its own water supply from the hills above. In fact the ranch is a series of hills and valleys stretching away as far as one can see.

This rather historic ranch has changed hands many times. Originally it was owned by an American who ran sheep on it. He in turn sold it to a man by the name of Postill, who later started out with his wife and son to see the property. Just outside of Vernon, he died in his wagon, and his wife brought his body on to the place he had been so keen to see. The son carried on and for years the place has been known as the Postill Ranch. After that, fruit farms were shorn off here and there, and the original place changed owners many times, until finally it came to the Countess, Bubna.

It is with her an investment, but it also gives her an opportunity to try out a few experiments of her own.

Bad Company.

A Scottish soldier, who travelled overnight from Edinburgh, was arrested in London on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, and duly appeared before the magistrate.

"Have you anything to say?" the latter asked.

"Well, the fact is," said the Scot, "I travelled from Edinburgh last night, and I got in with bad company in the train."

"Bad company " said the magistrate. "What does that mean exactly?"

"Well, you see, sir, when I got into the train yonder at Edinburgh, there were three other chaps in the carriage, and, ye see, I'd a bottle of whisky with me."

"Well "

"Well, you see, sir, the other three chaps were all teetotallers."

Temptation Would Be Great.

Said a clergyman to a Negro convert: "If you were walking along the road and saw a low-hanging branch, and on that branch a nice fat chicken, what would you do?"

"Please don't ask dat question," begged the Negro.

"Oh, yes, tell me what you would do."

"Well, you know I's only an infant in de kingdom," was the significant reply.

Hanging Pictures.

It is easy to make mistakes in the hanging of pictures. Observing the following as a guide, you will make fewer mistakes in this respect. First, a plain paper for the room is almost imperative. This will give you an opportunity to use all the pictures, no matter what they are. Soft grays and terra cotta tones are best for background. Avoid figured and highly-colored papers as these prevent the picture from standing out. Be careful not to tilt the pictures too much. Hang them almost flat.

For Headache
ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

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Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

AN EASY GOING SENTINEL.

Such a Little Thing as the Password Didn't Bother Him.

An interesting picture of the confusion that attended the anti-Austrian demonstrations in Milan in 1848 is given in "Memories of Youth," by Signor Giovanni Visconti Venosta.

Very early in the morning, says the author, after several hours of heavy sleep in a hammock in an anteroom of Garnier college I descended into the street and ran into some people who, with tricolored shawls across their shoulders, were giving orders in the name of the committee of defense. They were trying to discipline the revolution. Falling into their hands, I was stationed as a sentinel at a useless barricade that shut off Via Durini from the Verziere. The commander, having inspected my pistols and perhaps having found them not murderous enough, placed in my hands a fencing foil. Then he gave me the countersign, "Papa Pio."

A little while afterward another chief came along, who re-enforced the post and gave me as a companion a good old man who was armed with an antique lance. I told him the countersign, and we soon became friends.

A patrol appeared. "Halt!" cried the old man. "The countersign?"

"Concordia, coraggio," replied the captain of the patrol.

"Truly," replied my companion, "the countersign is something else. However, we are all Italians, so pass on."

Anvils Date Back of History.

The anvil was known in the earliest times, being spoken of in the Bible, the prophet Isaiah saying (chapter 47, verse 7), "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer, him that smiteth the anvil." It is not known who first used it, but of course the anvil of antiquity was unlike that of today as perfected by modern workmanship. The anvil still used in the orient, however, is a boot shaped piece of metal inserted in a section of oak or walnut log Larger or smaller it is used by tinsmiths, shoemakers, silversmiths and blacksmiths. The anvils used in this country are commonly made of cast iron faced with steel and are of parallelopiped form, with a steel cone or beak at one end and a "handy hole" for inserting chisel or other tools at the other end.—Boston Globe.

The Crimean War.

The Crimean war was in 1853-56 between Russia on one side and Turkey, France, Great Britain and Sardinia, as allies, on the other side. It was called the Crimean war because it was mainly fought in the Crimean peninsula. It arose through the demand of Russia for a protectorate over the Greek subjects of the sultan and was closed and its issues decided by the treaty of Paris March 30, 1856 By this treaty Sebastopol, which had been captured, was restored to Russia. Russia abandoned her claim as to Christians in Turkey and the Black sea was neutralized.

Lost It.

"There is a good deal of talk about the English being slow to appreciate a joke," said Marshall P. Wilder once. "I have not found that to be the case at all, although one Englishman did come to me for an explanation after I had made the remark that 'I dreamed one night that I was dead, but it was so hot that I woke up.'

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. Wilder,' he said, 'but it must be deuced hot in your country.'"

Hard to Choose.

"Why can't she make a choice between her suitors?"

"Well, one of them is a press agent. His language is very attractive. But the other is a traveling salesman, and he treats her as if she were a big buyer."—Kansas City Journal.

Let us do what honor demands.—Racine.

Not Much.

She—Well, I hope you are going to write a letter to the man who insulted you. He (an actor)—What, make him a present of my autograph? Not much. —Pele Mele.

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.—Horace.

QUEER PERSIAN VEHICLES.

Riding In Them Is Like Being In a Rolling Ship at Sea.

The two kinds of vehicles in common use in Persia differ only in appearance, the palaki being open, the kejevah covered with a light roof, generally made waterproof and with curtains before the entrance to keep out the sun, rain, wind and snow. The kejevah is the more elaborate conveyance, heavier and more expensive to hire, and therefore is used chiefly by the richer classes.

But the most comfortable means of travel and one which is used only by the wealthiest and most luxurious classes is the takhtiravan. This is a sort of palaquin consisting of a box about seven feet long and five feet high, fitted with doors and windows. Inside are a soft mattress and some comfortable cushions. The whole is built on the sedan chair principle, but with mules instead of men as bearers. The poles rest on the pack saddle on the backs of the mules, which walk tandem. They can, of course, only be used in the long plains and are useless when the route goes over hilly country. The motion reminds one of a rolling ship, and some people even get giddy and seasick at first in them.

Such personages as princes, governors and high officials always travel with many followers and hangers-on. It is a most picturesque sight to meet such a caravan, from which the pipe bearer is never missing. In front of his saddle are fastened large round cases covered with bright red cloth, containing the silver water bottles and the silver tops of the kalian (water pipe). Under the horse on one side is a perforated metal fire box hanging on a chain and containing the burning charcoal, while on the other side swings a heavy leather bottle full of water in readiness to prepare the pipe on the road. A clever bearer prepares the apparatus as he rides along, gallops up to his master and hands him his ready prepared smoking pipe to enjoy a few pulls.

The luncheon or tea horse is another necessity for the journey. Anywhere on the high road it can be unloaded, and within a few minutes the felt carpet, carried on the saddle behind the rider, is spread on the ground, the samovar, cups, sugar and lemons arranged on a tray on one corner, and, kneeling behind these, the servant hands out the tea to the travelers. When ready to remount they leave him behind, and he packs up and follows at a smart canter, soon rejoining the caravan.—Lieutenant Colonel A. Heinicke in Travel.

Testing Typewriter Ribbon.

Typewriter ribbons that produce an indelible impression are made from carbon. The cheaper qualities are made from aniline. To tell whether a ribbon is of the best or of the cheapest quality it is only necessary to soak a bit of it in alcohol, scrape its surface and spread the matter thus obtained upon a bit of white blotting paper. If the spot is black all over the ribbon is of aniline, which is soluble in alcohol; if, on the contrary, the black spot does not spread, but is surrounded by a halo of uncolored moisture, then it is of carbon, which is insoluble in alcohol.

Walking on Springs.

Leaping through the air like a kangaroo is the exciting sensation offered to children by the recent invention of shoes with springs.

These novel exercising toys are strapped to the feet in the same manner as roller skates, and the wearer can walk, run, jump, or dance on them.

The steel springs, while of unusual strength, are extremely elastic. The effect produced is said to be like walking on air.

Each shoe has two spiral springs, says a writer in Popular Science, and the lower end of each is fastened to a sole that prevents the springs from injuring carpets or polished floors. With a little practice, it is said, a child can make enormous leaps.

The King's Cars.

When King George and Queen Mary are motoring through London after dark their car has a powerful blue light shining from the canopy over the chauffeur's seat. The King's cars also have no number.

Coconnuts.

Coconnuts take ten years after planting before they begin to give a paying crop.

The Cross-Cut

By

Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrations by R. B. Van Nice

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The sun was slanting low, throwing deep shadows from the hills into the little valley, with its chattering, milk-white stream, softening the scars of the mountains with their great refuse dumps; reminders of hopes of twenty years before and as bare of vegetation as in the days when the pick and gad and drill of the prospector tore the rock loose from its hiding place under the surface of the ground. The scrub pines of the almost barren mountains took on a fluffier, softer tone; the jutting rocks melted away into their own shadows; it was a picture of peace and of memories.

And it had been here that Thornton Fairchild, back in the nineties, had dreamed his dreams and fought his fight. A sudden cramping caught the son's heart, and it pounded with something akin to fear. The old foreboding of his father's letter had come upon him, the mysterious thread of that elusive, intangible Thing great enough to break the will and resistance of a strong man and turn him into a weakling—silent, white-haired—sitting by a window, waiting for death. What had it been? Why had it come upon his father? How could it be fought? He brushed away the beady perspiration with a gesture almost of anger, then with a look of relief, turned in at a small white gate toward a big, rambling building which proclaimed itself, by the sign on the door, to be Mother Howard's boarding house.

A moment of waiting, then he faced a gray-haired, kindly faced woman, who stared at him with wide-open eyes as she stood, hands on hips, before him.

"Don't you tell me I don't know you! If you ain't a Fairchild, I'll never feed another miner corned beef and cabbage as long as I live. Ain't you, now?" she persisted, "ain't you a Fairchild?"

The man laughed in spite of himself. "You guessed it."

"You're Thornton Fairchild's boy!" She had reached out for his handbag, and then, bustling about him, drew him into the big "parlor." "Didn't I know you the minute I saw you? Land, you're the picture of your dad! Sakes alive, how is he?"

There was a moment of silence. Fairchild found himself suddenly halting and boyish as he stood before her.

"He's—he's gone, Mrs. Howard."

"Dead?" She put up both hands. "It don't seem possible. And me remembering him looking just like you, full of life and strong and—"

"He's—He's Gone, Mrs. Howard."

"Our pictures of him are a good deal different. I—I guess you knew him when everything was all right for him. Things were different after he got home again."

Mother Howard looked quickly about her, then with a swift motion closed the door.

"Son," she asked in a low voice, "didn't he ever get over it?"

"It?" Fairchild felt that he stood on the threshold of discoveries. "What do you mean?"

"Didn't he ever tell you anything, Son?"

"No. I—"

"Well, there wasn't any need to." But Mother Howard's sudden embarrassment, her change of color, told Fairchild it wasn't the truth. "He just had a little bad luck out here, that was all. His—his mine pinched out just when he'd thought he'd struck it rich—or something like that."

"Are you sure that is the truth?"

For a second they faced each other, Robert Fairchild serious and intent, Mother Howard looking at him with eyes defiant, yet compassionate. Suddenly they twinkled, the lips broke from their straight line into a smile, and a kindly old hand reached out to take him by the arm.

"Don't you stand there and try to tell Mother Howard she don't know what she's talking about!" came in tones of mock severity. "Hear me? Now, you get up them steps and wash up for dinner. Take the first room on the right. It's a nice, cheery place."

In his room, Fairchild tried not to think. His brain was becoming too crammed with queries, with strange happenings and with aggravating mysticisms of the life into which his father's death had thrown him to permit clearness of vision. Even in Mother Howard he had not been able to escape it; she told all too plainly, both by her actions and her words, that she knew something of the mystery of the past—and had falsified to keep the knowledge from him.

It was too galling for thought. Robert Fairchild hastily made his toilet, then answered the ringing of the dinner bell, to be introduced to strong-shouldered men who gathered about the long tables; Cornishmen, who talked an "h-less" language, ruddy-faced Americans, and a sprinkling of English, all of whom conversed about things which were to Fairchild as so much Greek—of "levels" and "stopes" and "winzes," of "skips" and "manways" and "rises," which meant nothing to the man who yet must master them all, if he were to follow his ambition.

Robert Fairchild spoke but seldom, except to acknowledge the introductions as Mother Howard made him known to each of his table mates. But it was not aloofness; from the first, the newcomer had liked the men about him, liked the ruggedness, the mingling of culture with the lack of it, liked the enthusiasm, the muscle and brawn, liked them all—all but two.

Instinctively, from the first mention of his name, he felt they were watching him, two men who sat far in the rear of the big dining room, older than the other occupants, far less inviting in appearance. One was small, though chunky in build, with sandy hair and eyebrows; with weak, filmy blue eyes over which the lids blinked constantly. The other, black-haired with streaks of gray, powerful in his build, and with a walrus-like mustache drooping over hard lips, was the sort of antithesis naturally to be found in the company of the smaller, sandy complexioned man. Who they were, what they were, Fairchild did not know, except from the general attributes which told that they too followed the great gamble of mining. But one thing was certain; they watched him throughout the meal; they talked about him in low tones and ceased when Mother Howard came near; they seemed to recognize in him someone who brought both curiosity and innate enmity to the surface. And more; long before the rest had finished their meal, they rose and left the room, intent, apparently, upon some important mission.

After that, Fairchild ate with less of a relish. In his mind was the certainty that these two men knew him—or at least knew about him—and that they did not relish his presence. Nor were his suspicions long in being fulfilled. Hardly had he reached the hall, when the beckoning eyes of Mother Howard signaled to him. Instinctively he waited for the other diners to pass him, then looked eagerly toward Mother Howard as she once more approached.

"I don't know what you're doing here," came shortly, "but I want to."

Fairchild straightened. "There isn't much to tell you," he answered quietly. "My father left me the Blue Poppy mine in his will. I'm here to work it."

"Know anything about mining?"

"Not a thing."

"Or the people you're liable to have to buck up against?"

"Very little."

"Then, Son," and Mother Howard laid a kindly hand on his arm, "whatever you do, keep your plans to yourself and don't talk too much. And what's more, if you happen to get into communication with Blindeye Bozeman and Taylor Bill, lie your head off. Maybe you saw 'em, a sandy-haired fellow and a big man with a black mustache, sitting at the back of the room?" Fairchild nodded. "Well, stay away from them. They belong to 'Squint' Rodaine. Know him?"

She shot the question sharply. Again Fairchild nodded.

"I've heard the name. Who is he?"

A voice called to Mother Howard from the dining room. She turned away, then leaned close to Robert Fairchild. "He's a miner, and he's always been a miner. Right now, he's mixed up with some of the biggest people in town. He's always been a man to be afraid of—and he was your father's worst enemy!"

Then, leaving Fairchild staring after her, she moved on to her duties in the kitchen.

CHAPTER V

Impatiently Fairchild awaited Mother Howard's return, and when at last she came forth from the kitchen, he drew her into the old parlor, shadowy now in the gathering dusk, and closed the doors.

"Mrs. Howard," he began, "I—"

"Mother Howard," she corrected. "I ain't used to being called much else."

"Mother, then—although I'm not very accustomed to using the title. My own mother died—shortly after my father came back from out here."

She walked to his side then and put a hand on his shoulders. For a moment it seemed that her lips were struggling to repress something which strove to pass them, something locked behind them for years. Then the old face, dim in the half light, calmed.

"What do you want to know, Son?"

"Everything!"

"But there isn't much I can tell."

He caught her hand.

"There is! I know there is. I—"

"Son—all I can do is to make matters worse. If I knew anything that would help you—if I could give you any light on anything, Old Mother Howard would do it! Lord, didn't I help out your father when he needed it the worst way? But I'm as much in the dark as you. All that I ever knew was that your father came to this boarding house when he was a young man, the very first day that he ever struck Ohadi. He didn't have much money, but he was enthusiastic—and it wasn't long before he'd told me about his wife and baby back in Indianapolis and how he'd like to win out for their sake. As for me—well, they always called me Mother Howard, even when I was a young thing, sort of setting my cap for every good-looking young man that came along. I guess that's why I never caught one of 'em—I always insisted on darning their socks and looking after all their troubles for 'em instead of going out buggy-riding with some other fellow and making 'em jealous." She sighed ever so slightly, then chuckled. "But that ain't getting to the point, though, is it?"

"If you could tell me about my father—"

"I'm going to—all I know. Things were a lot different out here then from what they were later. Everywhere around the hills and gulches you could see prospectors, with their gads and little picks, fooling around like life didn't mean anything in the world to 'em, except to grub around in those rocks.

"Your father was one of these men. 'Squint' Rodaine was another—they called him that because at some time in his life he'd tried to shoot faster than the other fellow—and didn't do it. The bullet hit right between his eyes, but it must have had poor powder behind it—all it did was to cut through the skin and go straight up his forehead. When the wound healed, the scar drew his eyes close together, like a Chinaman's. You never see Squint's eyes more than half open.

"And he's [illegible] eyes—" Mother Howard's voice bore a touch of resentment. "I never liked him from the minute I first saw him, and I liked him less afterward. Then I got next to his game.

"Your father had been prospecting just like everybody else. He'd come on float up Kentucky gulch and was trying to follow it to the vein. Squint saw him—and what's more, he saw that float. It looked good to Squint—and late that night, I heard him and his two drinking partners, Blindeye Bozeman and Taylor Bill—they just reverse his name for the sound of it—talking in Blindeye's room. I'm a woman—" Mother Howard chuckled—"so I just leaned my head against the door and listened. Then I flew downstairs to wait for your father when he came in from sitting up half the night to get an assay on that float. Squint and them two others was figuring on jumping his claim before he could file on it and all that.

"Well, there was a big Cornishman here that I was kind of sweet on—and I guess I always will be. He's been gone now, though, ever since your father left. I got him and asked him to help. And Harry was just the kind of a fellow that would do it. Out in the dead of night they went and staked out your father's claim—Harry was to get 25 per cent—and early the next morning your dad was waiting to file on it, while Harry was waiting for them three. And what a fight it must have been—that Harry was a wildcat in those younger days." She laughed, then her voice grew serious. "But all had its effect. Rodaine didn't jump that claim, and a few of us around here filed dummy claims enough in the vicinity to keep him off of getting too close—but there was one way we couldn't stop him. He had power, and he's always had it—and he's got it now. A lot of awful strange things happened to your father after that—charges were filed against him for things he never did. Men jumped on him in the dark, then went to the district attorney's office and accused him of making the attack. And the funny part was that the district attorney's office always believed them—and not him. Once they had him just at the edge of the penitentiary, but I—I happened to know a few things that—well, he didn't go." Again Mother Howard chuckled, only to grow serious once more. "Men who went to work for your father and Harry disappeared, or got hurt accidentally in the mine or just quit through the bad name it was getting. Once Harry, coming down from the tunnel at night, stepped on a little bridge that always before had been as secure and safe as the hills themselves. It fell with him—they went down together thirty feet, and there was nothing but Nature to blame for it, in spite of what we three thought. Then, at last, they got a fellow who was willing to work for them in spite of what Rodaine's crowd—and it consisted of everybody in power—hinted about your father's bad reputation back East and—"

"My father never harmed a soul in his life!" Fairchild's voice was hot, resentful. Mother Howard went on:

"I know he didn't, Son. I'm only telling the story. Miners are superstitious as a general rule, and they're childish at believing things. It all worked in your father's case—with the exception of Harry and 'Sissie' Larsen, a Swede with a high voice, just about like mine. That's why they gave him the name. He went to work. A few months later they got into good ore. It looked like the bad luck was over at last. Then—"

Mother Howard hesitated at the brink of the very nubbin of it all, to Robert Fairchild. A long moment followed, in which he repressed a desire to seize her and wrest it from her, and at last—

"The Three of Us Drove Up the Main Street."

CARRIED WIFE TO BED

Suffered So She Could Not Walk. Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Minesing, Ontario.—"I am a practical nurse and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to suffering women. For three months I was almost helpless and could not sit at the table long enough to drink a cup of tea. Many a time my husband carried me to bed, I would be so weak. Then he read in the paper of a woman suffering as I did who got better after taking the Vegetable Compound, so he went and got it for me. When I had taken three bottles I was just like a new woman and have had splendid health ever since. When I feel any bearing-down pains I always take it; sometimes a half bottle or whatever I need. It is my only medicine and I have told many a one about it. Any one wanting to know more about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I will gladly write to her. I do all I can to recommend it for I feel I owe my life and strength to it." — Mrs. NEAL BOWSER, R.R. 1, Minesing, Ontario.

Do you feel broken-down, nervous, and weak sometimes? Do you have this horrid feeling of fear which sometimes comes to women when they are not well? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and if taken regularly and persistently will relieve this condition. C

"It was about dusk one night," she went on. "Harry came in and took me with him into this very room. He kissed me and told me that he must go away. He asked me if I would go with him—without knowing why. And, Son, I trusted him, I would have done anything for him—but I wasn't as old then as I am now. I refused—and to this day, I don't know why. It was just woman, I guess. Then he asked me if I would help him. I said I would.

"He didn't tell me much; except that he had been uptown spreading the word that the ore had pinched out and that the hanging rock had caved in and that he and 'Sissie' and [illegible] were beaten and were going away that night. But—and Harry waited a long time before he told me this—'Sissie' was not going with them.

"'I'm putting a lot in your hands,' he told me, 'but you've got to help us. "Sissie" won't be there—and I can't tell you why. The town must think that he is. Your voice is just like "Sissie's." You've got to help us out of town.'

"And I promised. Late that night, the three of us drove up the main street, your father on one side of the seat, Harry on the other, and me, dressed in some of 'Sissie's' clothes, half hidden between them. Nobody dreamed that I was anyone else but the Swede—my head was tipped forward, so they couldn't see my features. We drove outside town and stopped. Then we said goodby, and I put on an old dress that I had brought with me and sneaked back home. Nobody knew the difference."

"But Larsen—?"

"You know as much as I do, Son."

"You never saw Larsen again?"

"I never saw any of them. That was the end."

"But Rodaine—?"

"He's still here. You'll hear from him—plenty soon. I could see that, the minute Blindeye Bozeman and Taylor Bill began taking your measure. You noticed they left the table before the meal was over? It was to tell Rodaine."

"Then he'll fight me, too?"

Mother Howard laughed—and her voice was harsh.

"Rodaine's a rattlesnake. His son's a rattlesnake. His wife's crazy—Old Crazy Laura. He drove her that way. She lives by herself, in an old house on the Georgeville road. And she'd kill for him, even if he does beat her when she goes to his house and begs him to take her back. That's the kind of a crowd it is. Just to put a good finish on it all, the young 'un moves in the best society in town and spends most of his time trying to argue the former district judge's daughter into marrying him. So there you are. That's all Mother Howard knows, Son."

She turned to the door and then, turning, patted Fairchild on the shoulder.

"Boy," came quietly, "you've got a broad back and a good head. Rodaine beat your father—don't let him beat you. And always remember one thing: Old Mother Howard's played the game before, and she'll play it with you—dark streets aren't exactly the place for you."

Robert Fairchild obeyed the instructions, a victim of many a conjecture, many an attempt at reasoning as he sought sleep that was far away. Again and again there rose before him the vision of two men in an open buggy, with a person between them whom Ohadi believed to be an effeminate-voiced Swede; in reality, only a woman. And why had they adopted the expedient? Why had not Larsen been with them in reality? It was hours before Fairchild found sleep, and even then it was a thing of troubled visions.

Streaming sun awakened him, and he hurried to the dining room to find himself the last lodger at the tables. He ate a rather hasty meal, made more so by an impatient waitress, then with the necessary papers in his pocket, Fairchild started toward the courthouse and the legal procedure which must be undergone before he made his first trip to the mine.

A block or two, and then Fairchild suddenly halted. Crossing the street at an angle just before him was a young woman whose features, whose mannerisms he recognized. The whipcord riding habit had given place now to a tailored suit which deprived her of the boyishness that had been so apparent on their first meeting. The cap had disappeared before a close-fitting, varicolored turban. But the straying brown hair still was there, the brown eyes, the piquant little nose and the prettily formed lips. Fairchild's heart thumped—nor did he stop to consider why. A quickening of his pace, and he met her just as she stepped to the curbing.

"I'm so glad of this opportunity," he exclaimed happily. "I want to return that money to you. I—I was so fussed yesterday I didn't realize—"

"Aren't you mistaken?" She looked at him with a slight smile. Fairchild did not catch the inflection.

"Oh, no. I'm the man, you know, who helped you change that tire on the Denver road yesterday."

"Pardon me." This time one brown eye had wavered ever so slightly, indicating someone behind Fairchild. "But I wasn't on the Denver road yesterday, and if you'll excuse me for saying so, I don't remember ever having seen you before."

There was a little light in her eyes which took away the sting of the denial, a light which seemed to urge caution, and at the same time to tell Fairchild that she trusted him to do his part as a gentleman in a thing she wished forgotten. More fussed than ever, he drew back and bent low in apology, while she passed on. Half a block away, a young man rounded a corner and, seeing her, hastened to join her. She extended her hand; they chatted a moment, then strolled up the street together. Fairchild watched blankly, then turned at a chuckle just behind him emanating from the bearded lips of an old miner, loafing on the stone coping in front of a small store.

"Pick the wrong filly, pardner?" came the query. Fairchild managed to smile.

"Guess so." Then he lied quickly. "I thought she was a girl from Denver."

"Her? The old miner stretched. "Nope. That's Anita Richmond, old Judge Richmond's daughter. Guess young fellow—or she wouldn't have cut you off so short. She ain't usually that way."

"Her fiance?" Fairchild asked the question with misgiving. The miner finished his stretch and added a yawn to it. Then he looked appraisingly up the street toward the retreating figures. "Well, some say he is and some say he ain't. Guess it mostly depends on the girl, and she ain't telling yet."

"And the man—who is he?"

"Him? Oh, he's Maurice Rodaine. Son of a pretty famous character around here, old Squint Rodaine. Owns the Silver Queen property up the hill. Ever hear of him?"

"Oh, He's Maurice Rodaine."

The eyes of Robert Fairchild narrowed, and a desire to fight—a longing to grapple with Squint Rodaine and all that belonged to him—surged into his heart. But his voice, when he spoke, was slow and suppressed.

"Squint Rodaine? Yes, I think I have. The name sounds rather familiar."

Then, deliberately, he started up the street, following at a distance the man and the girl who walked before him.

CHAPTER VI

There was no specific reason why Robert Fairchild should follow Maurice Rodaine and the young woman who had been described to him as the daughter of Judge Richmond, whoever he might be. Resentment was in his heart—resentment that the family of Rodaine should be connected in some way with the piquant, mysterious little person he had helped out of a predicament on the Denver road the day before. And, to his chagrin, the very fact that there was a connection added a more sinister note to the escapade of the exploded tire and the pursuing sheriff; as he walked along, his gaze far ahead, Fairchild found himself wondering whether there could be more than mere coincidence in it all, whether she was a part of the Rodaine schemes and the Rodaine trickery, whether—

But he ceased his wondering to turn sharply into a nearby drug store, there absently to give an order at the soda fountain and stand watching the pair who had stopped just in front of him on the corner. She was the same girl; there could be no doubt of that, and he raged inwardly as she chatted and chaffed with the man who looked down upon her with a smiling air of proprietorship which instilled instant rebellion in Fairchild's heart. Nor did he know the reason for that, either.

After a moment they parted, and Fairchild gulped at his fountain drink. She had hesitated, then with a quick decision turned straight into the drug store.

"Buy a ticket, Mr. McCauley?" she asked of the man behind the counter. "I've sold twenty already, this morning. Only five more, and my work's over. Please take the five, won't you? Then I'll be through."

"I'll be darned if I will, 'Nita!" McCauley backed against a shelf case in mock self-defense. "Every time you've got anything you want to get rid of, you come in here and shove it off on me. There's only four in my family and four's all I'm going to take." He tossed four silver dollars on the showcase and took the tickets. The girl demurred.

"But how about the fifth one? I've got to sell that too—"

"Well, sell it to him!" And Fairchild, looking into the soda-fountain mirror, saw himself indicated as the druggist started toward the prescription case.

There was a moment of awkward silence as Fairchild gazed intently into his soda glass, then with a feeling of queer excitement, set it on the marble counter and turned. Anita Richmond was approaching—in a stranger-like manner—a ticket of some sort held before her.

"Pardon me," she began, "but would you care to buy a ticket to the Old Times dance? It's a sort of municipal thing, gotten up by the bureau of mines—to celebrate the return of silver mining."

"But—I'm afraid I'm not much on dancing."

"You don't have to be. Nobody'll dance much—except the old-fashioned affairs. You see, everybody's supposed to represent people of the days when things were booming around here. There'll be a fiddle orchestra, and a dance caller and everything like that and a bar—but of course there'll only be imitation liquor. But," she added with quick emphasis, "there'll be a lot of things really real—real keno and roulette and everything like that, and everybody in the costume of thirty or forty years ago. Don't you want to buy a ticket? It's the last one I've got!" she added prettily.

"When's it to be?"

"A week from tomorrow night. Are you going to be here that long?"

She realized the slip of her tongue and colored slightly. Fairchild, recovered now, reached into a pocket and carefully fingered the bills there. Then, with a quick motion, as he drew them forth, he covered a ten-dollar bill with a one-dollar note and thrust them forward.

"Yes, I'll take the ticket."

She handed it to him, thanked him, and reached for the money. As it passed into her hand, a corner of the ten-dollar bill revealed itself, and she hastily thrust it toward him as though to return money paid by mistake. Just as quickly, she realized his purpose and withdrew her hand.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost in a whisper, "I understand." She flushed and stood a second hesitant, flustered, her big eyes almost childish as they looked up into his. "You—you must think I'm a cad!" Then she whirled and left the store, and a slight smile came to the lips of Robert Fairchild as he watched her hurrying across the street. He had won a tiny victory, at least.

With a new enthusiasm, a greater desire than ever to win out in the fight which had brought him to Ohadi, he hurried to the courthouse and the various technicalities which must be coped with before he could really call the Blue Poppy mine his own.

It was easier than he thought. A few signatures, and he was free to wander through town to where idlers had pointed out Kentucky gulch and to begin the steep ascent up the narrow road on a tour of prospecting that would precede the more legal and more safe system of a surveyor.

The ascent was almost sheer in places, for in Kentucky gulch the hills huddled close to the little town and rose in precipitous inclines almost before the city limits had been reached. He stepped aside to allow the passage of ore-laden automobile trucks, loaded until the springs had flattened and until the engines howled with their compression as they sought to hold back their burdens on the steep grade. And it was as he stood there, watching the big vehicles travel down the mountain side, that Fairchild caught a glimpse of a human figure which suddenly darted behind a clump of scrub pine and skirted far to one side, taking advantage of every covering. A new beat came into Fairchild's heart. He took to the road again, plodding upward, seemingly a man entirely bereft of suspicion. A quarter of a mile he went, a half. Once, as the road turned beside a great rock, he sought its shelter and looked back. The figure still was following, running carefully now along the bank of the stream in an effort to gain as much ground as possible before the return of the road to open territory should bring the necessity of caution again.

A mile more, then, again in the shelter of rocks, he swerved and sought a hiding place, watching anxiously from his concealment for evidences of discovery. There were none. The shadower came on, displaying more and more caution as he approached the rocks, glancing hurriedly about him as he moved swiftly from cover to cover. Closer—closer—then Fairchild repressed a gasp. The man was old, almost white-haired, with hard, knotted hands which seemed to stand out from his wrists; thin and wiry with the resiliency that outdoor, hardened muscles often give to age, and with a face that held Fairchild almost hypnotized. It was like a hawk's; hook-beaked, colorless, toneless in all expressions save that of a malicious tenacity; the eyes were slanted until they resembled those of some fantastic Chinese image, while just above the curving nose a blue-white scar ran straight up the forehead.—Squint Rodaine!

So he was on the trail already! Fairchild watched him pass, sneak around the corner of the rocks, and stand a moment in apparent bewilderment as he surveyed the ground before him. A mumbling curse and he went on, his cautious gait discarded, walking briskly along the rutty, boulder-strewn road toward a gaping hole in the hill, hardly a furlong away. There he surveyed the ground carefully, bent and stared hard at the earth, apparently for a trace of footprints, and finding none, turned slowly and looked intently all about him. Carefully he approached the mouth of the tunnel and stared within. Then he straightened, and with another glance about him, hurried off up a gulch leading away from the road, into the hills. Fairchild lay and watched him until he was out of sight, and he knew instinctively that a surveyor would only cover beaten territory now. Squint Rodaine, he felt sure, had pointed out to him the Blue Poppy mine.

Hurriedly he descended the rocks once more to turn toward town and toward Mother Howard's boarding house. He wanted to tell her what he had seen and to obtain her help and counsel.

Quickly he made the return trip, crossing the little bridge over the turbulent Clear creek and heading toward the boarding house. Half a block away he halted, as a woman on the veranda of the big, squarely built "hotel" pointed him out, and the great figure of a man shot through the gate, shouting, and hurried toward him.

A tremendous creature he was, with red face and black hair which seemed to scramble in all directions at once, and with a mustache which appeared to scamper in even more directions than his hair. Fairchild was a large man; suddenly he felt himself puny and inconsequential as the mastodonic thing before him swooped forward, spread wide the big arms and then caught him tight in them, causing the breath to puff over his lips like the exhaust of a bellows.

A release, then Fairchild felt himself lifted and set down again. He pulled hard at his breath.

"What's the matter with you?" he exclaimed testily. "You've made a mistake!"

To be Continued.

A Short Christmas.

"Christmas day is only three hours long in the Finnish town of Tornea," said a traveler. "I spent last Christmas there. At sunrise I got up to see my presents and to read my Christmas mail, and night had fallen before I got through breakfast."

Snare For the Unwary.

He—Why does old Miss Tittletattle use an ear trumpet? Is she deaf? She—Not a bit. She employs that instrument as a bluff and to induce people to talk freely in her presence.

Corrected.

Suitor—I cannot live without your daughter. Old Richleigh—Oh, yes you can. Work never killed anybody yet.

Half of success is in seeing the significance of little things.—Henry F. Cope.

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THE WORLD'S THIRST.

Mammoth Dams Built to Supply Cities With Water.

The tragic bursting of a dam near Conway, in North Wales, reminds us of the tremendous importance of the engineering side of these constructions.

In England the biggest dams have been constructed to supply Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham with water. Manchester has already made a huge reservoir of Thirlmere, just under the "dark brow of mighty Helvellyn." There is a storage capacity, created by a huge dam at the Keswick end, of over 8,000,000,000 gallons. Another huge dam is to be built in Mardale, which will raise the waters of Haweswater fifty feet and submerge a village and a church.

Lake Vyrnwy, in Montgomeryshire, had no existence until the Liverpool corporation dammed up a small tributary of the River Severn. The dam is 1,172 feet long, 161 feet high, and 127 feet thick at the bottom. The storage capacity is 12,000,000,000 gallons. The water leaves this artificial lake by a tunnel 2¼ miles long, driven through a hill. The tunnel under the Mersey which carries the water into Liverpool was the first of its kind in the world. It is 900 feet long, and took four years to build.

Birmingham also goes to Wales, to affluents of the Wye, for its water. It requires five dams and five reservoirs, one of which, formed by the damming of the Elan Valley, is four miles long and has a capacity of 8,000,000,000 gallons.

America is the land of great dams. The New Croton Dam impounds 32,000,000,000 gallons of water for the service of New York. Its foundation is a level platform of masonry, to lay which half a million cubic yards of rock had to be removed.

The masonry dam raised upon it is 205 feet thick at the base, 250 feet high, and 1,200 feet long. It required a million cubic yards of masonry, and supplies New York with 250,000,000 gallons of water a day.

Another vast water supply for the same city has recently been constructed in the Katskill Mountains. It is called the Ashokan Reservoir, and is 127 miles from the city, the water taking three days in making the journey. It supplies 500,000,000 gallons a day, and in case of necessity this can be increased to 900,000,000.

To make this enormous lake, seven villages were razed and eleven miles in extent. It took 17,240 men seven years to make, and the total cost was over $175,000,000.

The course or the river Esopus is blocked by an enormous masonry dam over one-third of a mile long, 200 feet wide, and 240 feet high. At each end of the central masonry dam is an earthen one with a masonry core. These are each 1,000 feet long and 800 feet thick at the base.

India has benefited greatly by the erection of irrigation dams, vast areas having been rendered fertile. The Tori Reservoir, one of the largest, was formed by damming up a valley by a rampart a mile and a quarter long and 300 feet thick at the base.

But the new dam across the river Vedavati, in Mysore, spans a gorge 1,200 feet wide. It is 167 feet high and creates a lake having a capacity of 32,348,000,000 cubic feet of water. It is for irrigation purposes.

The Assouan Dam on the Nile has added 2,500 square miles to the agricultural area of Egypt, and regulates the annual overflow of Nile water. In making it, it was first necessary to blast an immense dyke in the granite across the bed of the river. Upon this was erected a huge wall, pierced by one hundred sluices, and holding up a lake as long as the distance between London and Nottingham. It holds back 1,000,000,000 tons of water.

GUM UNDER THE GROUND.

Quaint Old Time Account of Peru's Petroleum Fields.

Probably the first printed reference to the petroleum industry on the Pacific coast was made in 1569, when "De Las Drojas De Las Indias" appeared. It was translated in 1596 by John Frampton, in London, who gave the book the title, "Joyfullnewes Out of the New-Found World." His translation of that portion of the work relating to petroleum follows:

"Of a gumme that is taken out from under the grounde.

"In the Collao being a country of Peru, there is a Province which doth not beare any tree or Plante, because the Grounde is full of Gummes, and from this grounde the Indians take out a Licour, that serneth them to heale many diseases, and to take it out they use it in this mannes.

"They make of the Earth certeyne Festernes very greate, and set them upon timber, or Canes, and underneath they put a thing, that may receive the Licour, which commeth out of them, and they place them in the Sunne, and with the heate and strength thereof, the Gumme is melted or the licour which the Earth hath, and the Sesternes remayne without any Licour, whiche profiteth too make fire of, for in that place there are no Trees, nor anye other thing to make fire of: and it is an euill light, for its casteth out black Smoke, and an horrible smell, and for all this, seeing that they have no nother thing to make fire of, they take a paynes with it.

"The Licour whiche commeth foorth of it, profiteth for many diseases, and especially when they depende of colde, or colde causes. It taketh away anye griefe of the sayde cause, and all swellinges which come thereof: they heale with it woundes, and all euilles which the Sarana, and the Tacambaca doe heale. That whiche they sent me, is of a red colour, somewhat darke, and it hath a good smell."—Argonaut.

Reptiles' Eggs.

Reptiles' eggs are not very attractive objects. In the case of crocodiles and many kinds of tortoises they are pale colored or white and resemble those of birds in shape. But the egg of the gopher tortoise is remarkable for its complete roundness. It might well be mistaken for a golf ball. Many snakes' eggs are soft skinned, brown as to color and look for all the world like a number of new potatoes.—Scientific American.

Strictly Business.

"You say that couple lead a cat and dog life!"

"Yes."

"Too bad. Incompatibility of temper, I suppose."

"Nothing of the sort. They conduct a cat and dog hospital."

QUEER AFFINITIES.

Love Plays Some Curious Pranks With Human Hearts.

ROUSSEAU AND HIS THERESA.

Story of a Genius Who Wedded an Ignorant Kitchen Maid and Never Regretted It—Bulwer Lytton's Tragic Union—Tschaikowsky and Fate.

Some affinities really defy explanation. Take Rousseau as an instance. A distinguished writer has said:

"In the whole story of the human race I question if there is anything so wonderful as the prolonged affection of Rousseau for Theresa."

Here was one of the outstanding literary geniuses of his time, a man who could talk on equal terms at least with the most brilliant women of his day, marrying a kitchen maid, who never could be taught to read with ease, who could not follow the order of the twelve months of the year or count a sum of money or reckon the price of a thing. Even a month's instruction left her still unable to read the hours on the clock face.

Theresa le Vasseur could never have given Rousseau one hour of true companionship. She could neither have read his books nor have understood him when he explained them. She was even without beauty and grace. Yet this mighty spirit chose her, loved her and went on loving her. The alliance lasted happily, for by some mysterious spell she held him, and after twenty-five years Rousseau could write to her: "I never had, my dearest, other than one single solace, but that the sweetest. It was to pour out all my heart in yours. My every resource, my whole confidence is in you, and in you only." Here was a mystery indeed.

Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, provided another of the matrimonial mysteries. Lytton was one of the sanest men in ordinary matters, but he was foolish enough to marry a vulgar girl, Rosina Wheeler, who proved to be wasteful, improvident and a wretched housekeeper. The marriage ended miserably, and all through her life Lady Lytton pursued her husband with the fiercest rancor. She published book after book in which she held him up as a monster and did everything in her power to render his life unhappy.

She made herself the "heroine" of a most extraordinary episode on the day when Lytton, then colonial secretary, was re-elected by his Hertfordshire constituents. He was in the middle of his address when there advanced a female with rouged face and dyed hair, brandishing a yellow umbrella. Mounting the hustings, Lady Lytton—for it was she—saluted the newly made minister with:

"Fiend, villain, monster, cowardly wretch, outcast! I am told you have been sent to the colonies. If they knew as much about you as I do they would have sent you there long ago!"

For once Lytton's presence of mind failed him, or, rather, he fainted, and knew no more till he found himself back at Knebworth in bed. Husband and wife had not seen each other for twenty-two years before this, and they never met again.

Probably the most mysterious of all marriages was that of Tschaikovsky, the great Russian composer, whose "Pathetic" symphony is such a favorite in the concert room today. Tschaikovsky was a moody, pessimistic, shy, reserved man. As he said himself, he had lived for thirty-seven years "in antipathy to marriage" and then was "made a bridegroom by sheer force of circumstances without being in the least charmed by the bride." It is one of the queerest stories imaginable, as told by Tschaikovsky himself.

He says that one day he received a letter from a poor girl whom he had known for some time. She declared her love for him in the most passionate terms. He went the next evening to see her and told her that he could give her nothing but sympathy and gratitude. Later when he had thought it over he feared that Antonina might make way with herself, so he went to see her again, pleaded his irritability, his uncertain finances, his antipathy to matrimony, and then asked her if, after all this, she still wished to be his wife.

Her answer was "Yes." Tschaikovsky bowed before the inevitable, as he regarded it.

"My conscience is clear," he wrote. "If I marry without loving it is because circumstances have forced this upon me. I console myself with the thought that no one can escape his fate, and my meeting with that girl was fatality."

The marriage took place in 1877, and the pair lived together barely three weeks. Tschaikovsky got into a state of nervous collapse, and his mind was more or less unhinged. The doctors declared that a complete change was his only chance, and the poor wife never saw him or heard his voice again after he said hoarsely to her at the railway station: "Now go! God be with you!" Need we wonder that the "Pathetic" symphony is so pathetic?—J. Cuthbert Hadden in London Family Herald.

Down From Confucius.

The seventy-fifth lineal descendant of Confucius is living in the Chinese town in which the founder of the Chinese religion was born and where he was buried twenty-five centuries ago.

Sleep, riches and health are only truly enjoyed after they have been interrupted.—Richter.

Sure Thing.

"I think I will go away somewhere," remarked the old fogy. "I need a change of climate."

"Why don't you just stick around here long enough and the change will come to you?" asked the grouch

Easily Explained.

"Why did that young man look so cross when Mrs. Smith told him she heard he had such killing ways?"

"She told him that? Great Scott! He's a doctor!"

THE COMMANDITE.

A System of Co-operation In French Printing Industry.

An interesting description of a system of co-operative work in the French printing industry called the "Commandite" is contributed to the International Labor Review by Charles Maraux, a member of the committee of the Paris Typographical Union, and for nearly twenty years a member of the "Commandite" in the National Printing Office. It is defined as an association of workers in the workshop of their common employer which undertakes on its own responsibility to carry out a specified job or group of jobs.

As M. Maraux points out, in any shop or factory where the work is paid by the hour or the day supervision must be continuous. Though always an annoyance, it is only more or less effective. In 1899 M. Charles Dumont, who presented to the Chamber of Deputies the budget of the National Printing Office, urged the adoption of the "Commandite" system, saying: "A flourishing and parasitical outcrop of officials, pruned a few years ago, tends to spread unceasingly through the workshops of the National Printing Office, nourishing itself on the profits of that office. To cut the roots of this invading officialdom and at the same time to save the money spent on useless tasks, on superfluous material, on excessive and impossible supervision, there is a remedy. The experiment began in 1900 with 60 members, and at present it consists of 180 workers or one-half of the composing department. As to the results M. Maraux says: "The 180 compositors who do not belong to the 'Commandite' work under the orders and the supervision of a hierarchy of officials and employes. For the 180 workers in the 'Commandite' on the contrary, the management knows no one but the two delegates elected by the 'Commandite', a technical delegate and an accountant delegate. The whole of the organization, the distribution of the work and the auditing of its accounts are done by the 'Commandite' itself or by its representatives and at its own cost."

The "Commandite" works in harmony with the union and in fact itself collects union subscriptions and strike levies for other organizations as well as the Paris Typographical Union. M. Maraux claims that the system improves relations with the employer, restores the worker's self-respect, binds the member not to allow any falling off in his normal average output, and adds: "The reader will perhaps be surprised and sceptical at this account, but it is not a mere figment of the imagination. The description is simply that of a system which has been continuously in practice for twenty-five years in a group which has grown steadily by voluntary adhesions until there are now in this great state establishment 180 members working co-operatively and paid as a group on the basis of the current rates, with no preferential treatment."

Left-Hand Lore.

If you had lived at any time in the period 2500 B.C. to A.D. 1500, and had been left-handed, you would have been regarded as one highly favored by the gods and far superior to ordinary folk. If, of your own initiative, you had not seized on power, it would have been placed in your hands. But in all probability that would have been unnecessary, for all down the ages the left-handed have gone ahead and made a success of life. They've something that the right-handed haven't. The leading Pharaohs were left-handed; so were the Cæsars; so also Alexander the Great and Charlemagne.

Whether nature compensates the left-handed by endowing them with special talents is a matter of speculation. The fact, however, remains that the left-handed are, in brain power, far superior to the right-handed. A schoolmaster, through whose hands thousands of boys have passed, is emphatic on that point. No left-handed boy is, or could be, a fool is his dictum.

The explanation advanced by scientists is this: The left side of the body is controlled by the right half of the brain, and vice versa. And as the left-handed use their right hands considerably more than right-handed folk use their left hands, the result is that the left-handed call into play, use, and develop their whole brain, and not one half and a fraction.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A certain country farmer came in from his usual hard day's toil in the fields and set himself down with pen and ink at the cottage table. With many and varied contortions of his features, he began to write.

His wife observed that he wrote a few words and then threw the sheet of paper aside. This went on for some time until, her curiosity piqued beyond control, she asked timidly:

"A penny for your thoughts, George?"

"I am trying to think, my dear," he answered, "of a suitable epitaph to put on your tombstone."

As his wife was in perfect health she rather resented this undue thoughtfulness, and caustically retorted.

"Oh, that's quite simple. Just put 'Wife of the above'."

Changed His Tune.

A tall, green sort of a well-dressed fellow walked into a Broadway hotel the other day, and, stretching himself to his full height, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Where are the Democrats? Show me a Democrat, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!"

In an instant a man stood before the inquirer in a warlike attitude, and said, "I am a Democrat, sir."

"You are?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, just you step round the corner with me, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Democrat in the ward. Ain't he a liar, I should like to know?"

Month Without Full Moon.

A month without a full moon will not occur for another two and a half million years.

A Hint.

"Is that an eight day clock?" said the young man as the timepiece struck the midnight hour.

"Well," replied the sweet young thing with an unconcealed yawn, "why don't you stay a little longer and find out?"

Very Serious.

She—Are your intentions toward the widow really serious? He—They are I intend, if possible, to get out of he clutches.

DARING COSSACKS

Russian Rough Riders an Old and Famous Body.

ONCE KNIGHTS OF FREEDOM.

In Former Times They Were Known Entirely as Defenders of the Poor and the Oppressed—Deadly as Marksmen and Experts With the Sword.

The popular conception of the Russian Cossack is a whiskered atrocity who rides with the speed of the wind, comes to do acts of pillage and of rapine and then goes back again into the bosom of the tall grass from which he came. By many he is supposed to belong to a legendary tribe whose history stretches back into the blackness of the dark ages from which he has not yet emerged.

No; the Cossack is in many respects like the simple Russian peasant. In others he is like the cowboy of the western plains, whose home is as much in the saddle as in his own village. Far from being oppressors, the Cossacks were once known entirely as the defenders of the poor and the wronged. They belonged to an order of rustic chivalry, the Kazachestvo, the Knights of Freedom.

The name Kazak is of Tartar origin and means "Freeman." It was applied to men driven from the more settled countries and who under the blue sky rode without the trammel of tradition, without the interference of kings, potentates and powers. There was a time when nobles laid heavy hand upon the subject and human life was held in small account.

The thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries saw the Cossacks developed into communities living in the neighborhood of the river Dnieper and riding hither and thither to keep watch and ward over the domain of the emperor.

The cowboy guards of the great southwest in this country, who are now disappearing from our American life, are Cossacks in spirit. When they become cavalrymen, Texas Rangers or rough riders they are American Cossacks.

There were some criminals among the Cossacks, but once they had enrolled in the Cossack legions they left behind them all their past. Some were exiles for political reasons, others had been hunted for taking into their own hands the avenging of wrongs. And what avails a name after all? When the officers of the state came inquiring into the Cossack encampments for Demetri this and Ivan that nothing was known of them at all, for the Cossacks permitted men to divest themselves of former titles and to begin the free life with a new nomenclature. To them the newcomer were "Big Nose," "Yellow Buttons" or some other nicknamed comrade.

While other persons paid taxes the Cossack was subject to no such inconvenient levy. His share was paid by the power of his sword and his pistols. He insisted always that he was not to be assessed, but that he should give his military service when Russia required it of him.

When the Cossack communities were first formed they were inhabited only by men. The Kazachestvo took vows of celibacy. It was an order that lived like anchorites and fought like demons.

As the ages have passed there have been many changes. The Cossacks have families and their own home life. At first, however, young and daring youths were sent out to ride with the Cossacks, and there was no system of chivalry more punctilious than was this government of the men of the steppes. Offenses that involved violation of their vows or the ill treatment of the weak and the oppressed were punished with death. The sentences were quickly imposed and speedily executed. Cowboy justice and Cossack rule are the same in principle.

The dress of the Cossack has become more or less conventional as the years have gone. We see him in the long coat of brown or of green, with the great lambskin cap on his head, with strong belts containing cartridges about his waist. He shows the influence of military training. The Cossack of today is a model of elegance compared with what he used to be. He seized garments covered with gold lace, coats of silks and sable and smeared them with mire and tallow to show his supreme disregard for fine trappings. He wore coarse garb, but in the care of his weapons the Cossack has always been punctilious.

His markmanship was deadly and accurate, even when riding at full speed, as that of the cowboys of the western United States. The Cossacks have been expert swordsmen for centuries. Their proficiency in arms came from their environment. The steppes in which they sought their livelihood were covered with grass often so high only the head and shoulders of the riders appeared above the top of it. Game was abundant in those thick tangles; fruit could be obtained easily; the rivers teemed with fish. The wants of the Cossacks were few and simple. They could do with much or little. A slice of horseflesh carried under the saddle to keep it warm was a ration fit to be called a luxury.—New York Herald.

"Auld Nick."

The laird of a small estate in Scotland went to a hiring fair to engage a manservant. After some bickering he engaged a likely man, and afterwards asked him his name.

"Alexander Scott Brown Graham," replied the man.

"Tut, tut!" said the laird, "that's far too long a name for me to remember, so I'll just call you "Old Sandy!'"

"And, noo, what micht your name be?" queried Sandy.

"Nicholas Duff Gordon," replied the laird, pompously.

"Ach!" said Sandy, "that's far too long a name for me tae mind, so I'll just ca' ye 'Auld Nick'!"

Is Talk Cheap.

Some people say that talk is cheap,
But 'tis not safe to heed 'em;
I've known two simple words, "Be mine,"
To cost a man his freedom.

THE CAMEL'S REVENGE.

His Qualities Are Seldom, If Ever, Appreciated.

The qualities of the camel are seldom, if ever, appreciated on a slight acquaintance, writes Hassenein Bey, the African explorer.

He is as clever as a horse, if not more so, and in some ways more human. "Patient as a camel," is an Arab saying, and a very true one.

If you ill-treat a camel he will never forget it, but he will not attack you on the spot. He will wait, and if you repeat the offence again and again, he finaly makes up his mind to get his revenge. Not, however, when there are many people about. He watches his chance until you and he are alone, and then he goes for you, either by snatching at you with his mouth and throwing you to the ground, or by kicking you and then trampling upon you.

There is a case known where a camel trampled a man and then sat on him, refusing even to move after punishment from the men who ran up to the rescue. He wanted to make sure that he had finished his man, as, indeed, he had.

People imagine that in the desert a camel has to be roped and led. As a matter of fact, it is very hard to keep a camel away from the rest of the caravan, for he knows instinctively that to be left behind means death, and he keeps as near the bulk of the caravan as he can. It is a sad sight to see a sick camel straggling along behind a caravan.

The camel also displays his intelligence when he is taken from the oasis and pushed into the waterless trek. Instinctively he tried at night, even three or four days after the start, to go back to the oasis. There have been desert tragedies when all the camels have deserted the men at night, either on the outward or the home-coming journey, when the caravan was still a few days from its destination.

In the event of some accident befalling a caravan, camels which have travelled a certain road for years will often complete the journey alone.

The Highlands of Scotland.

The region known to the world as the Highlands of Scotland has no political or civil boundary. Separated by only a vague line of demarcation from the division called the Lowlands, the Scottish Highlands may be briefly described as that portion of the north and northwest of Scotland in which the Celtic language and manners have less or more lingered until modern times. The Highlands, as it is usually called, extends diagonally across Scotland from Nairn on the Moray Firth to Dumbarton on the Clyde; but the mountainous part of the counties of Banff, Moray, Aberdeen, Kincardine and Perth are also understood to be included in the designation "Highlands." Caithness might be excluded as being a generally level country; but throughout the Highlands there are rich level tracts, none being more so than the eastern division of Ross-shire. The Hebrides or Western Isles are included in the Highlands, but the isles of Orkney and Shetland, though to the north, are distinctly excluded, by reason of the Norse origin of their inhabitants.

History of Coal.

It is contended with much seeming truth that although coal was not mentioned by the Romans in their notices of Britain, it was in use by the ancient Britons when the Romans went to the British Isles. Henry II., the first Plantagenet King of England, is said to have granted a license to dig coal near Newcastle-on-Tyne in the year 1234. In 1273 the use of sea-coal in or near London was prohibited as being "prejudicial to human health," and even blacksmiths were compelled to use in their forges either wood or charcoal.

Notwithstanding the many previous complaints against coal as a public nuisance, it was at length generally burned in London by the year 1400, but it was not in common use throughout England until 1625, in the reign of Charles I. Coal was carried from Dublin to Newry in 1742. For many years Great Britain has been a large exporter of coal, considerable quantities now coming to Canada from the coal mines of Scotland and Wales.

Turning Day Into Night.

It might be supposed that a forest fire would turn night into day by its huge illumination, but such a fire produces so much smoke that the opposite is the effect over very large areas.

A recent big forest fire near Lake Huron was estimated to cost shipping companies $50,000 by reason of their vessels losing so much time in the dense blackness.

At Portland, Oregon, some years ago, all lights had to be on day and night for a week, although it was midsummer, as the sun was completely blotted out with acrid and dense smoke.

Even navigation thousands of miles out at sea has been seriously interfered with by the black masses of smoke that have been blown from a fire ranging over many square miles of forest on the mainland.

The Appian Way.

The famous Appian way was constructed by digging two parallel trenches, three feet in depth, at the bottom of which were placed two layers of flat stones in mortar, upon which a layer of cobblestones was placed, also laid in mortar. Then came a course of pebbles in concrete, over which were placed large, flat blocks of smooth lava well joined together, forming an even, uniform surface. It was primarily a military road and extended from Rome to Brundusium, a distance of 350 miles. So perfect was the construction of this celebrated road that it still exists in places as good as ever, notwithstanding it was made more than twenty centuries ago.

Beethoven's Last Days.

Beethoven had troubles besides the scourge of deafness. Throughout his life the conduct of his brothers irked and grieved him, and when on the death of one of them he adopted his orphaned son that nephew's outrageous conduct broke his heart. Then he felt the sting of poverty. Dying, he would have lacked the very necessaries of a waning life had it not been for the Philharmonic Society of England. The society has never boasted of the fact, but a fact it is that a douceur of £100 sent by it to Beethoven at his last gasp made death less a martyrdom to the famous musician than it otherwise would have been.—London Graphic.

Traveller's Stories

"Naturally, I've had all sorts of adventures and met hosts of interesting people," said Mrs. Charlotte Mansfield, F.R.G.S., to the representative of London Answers.

"I remember spending a day with that great man, the late Dr. Jameson, while I was travelling in South Africa. The dining-table was very charmingly decorated with eschscholtzia; but, though I admired the lovely deep yellow of the flower very much, I did not then know its name. So I asked my host what it was.

"'Ah, Mrs. Mansfield,' he said, 'that is the only flower with a terrible name that I do always remember! Its name is——' Then he turned to the servant behind him and said: 'What the dickens is it?'

"My husband, Col. Mansfield, M.C., and I once found a beautiful old bridge in one of the lesser-parts of Galicia. We took several photographs of it from various viewpoints; then, when we got back to the village where we were staying, we asked its name and history. To our amazement, everybody disclaimed all knowledge of such a structure. Apparently, no one had ever seen it.

"Finally, we wrote to the president of the local archaeological society, asking him about it. He courteously replied that there must be some mistake, as there was no such bridge! So we went again to the spot, and, of course, there was the bridge all right.

"We wrote our friend, the president once more, this time enclosing him photos of the bridge. He replied, thanking us for our discovery, and said that no one in the society had had the slightest idea there was a bridge there at all.

"Before setting off for South Africa I got a note of introduction from a friend to Captain Tyson, a very well-known and influential person in one of the places I was to visit.

"'Be sure you ask to see his bath,' my friend told me. This seemed a strange request to make; but I was told that the captain would not resent it.

"Later on I found that, in the earlier days of Mashonaland, Capt. Tyson and two friends were on trek. One evening, after making camp, they decided to bathe in a small river near by. Much of the stream seemed to consist of deep pools fenced in with wire, but the water looked tempting, so they ignored the fencing.

"When they returned to camp they found Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson there. The latter asked where they had been bathing. They told him, and inquired why all those pools were fenced in with wire.

"'Because those are the most dangerous crocodile-pools in all the country,' answered Rhodes. 'The wire is to prevent cattle trying to drink there and being caught by the reptiles.'

"You may imagine how the captain and his comrades felt on hearing this. No wonder that 'the captain's bath' has become a proverb.

"Some time ago, during the vogue of that rather silly song, 'Yes, We Have No Bananas!' I used to hear remarks about its ridiculous title. But that is perhaps the least absurd part of the song. For this curious use of 'Yes' is quite common with natives in some parts of Africa.

"An Englishman new to the country once asked his native servant at dinner whether there were no potatoes. 'Yes,' replied the boy, as he disappeared. The master waited for the potatoes some time; but they didn't arrive, so he called the boy, and again asked the same question, getting the same 'Yes' for a reply. Then he told him to bring the potatoes, and the boy just shook his head.

"'But you said just now there were potatoes!' exclaimed the white man. 'Yes, baas; no potatoes!' was the grinning reply.

"While in Africa we stayed for a day or two beside the world-famous Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi. As I gazed on the water tumbling down, I wondered how many seconds its fall took, and put this question to a companion, who lived in the district.

"'I never timed it myself,' he said, 'but when your renowned British Association held its annual meeting in South Africa a few years ago, and came here to see the Falls, one of your noted professors resolved to do so. So he got a piece of wood to drop into the water and took out his watch to time its fall exactly.

"'For a few seconds he stood waiting eagerly, but something appeared to have gone wrong. Then he suddenly discovered that he had dropped his watch into the Falls, and was still holding the wood in his hand!'"

Wooed With Music.

Among the Yao Midos, one of the many Burmese-Tartar people, the young men woo their wives absolutely without words, but to the sound of music. On the first day of winter they have a great feast, at which all the marriageable girls gather and listen to the music made by the bachelors, who sit under the "desire tree," each playing his favorite instrument. As the maiden he loves passes him the youth plays louder and more feelingly. If the girl ignores him and passes on he knows that she will have none of him. If she steps up to him and lays a flower upon the instrument he jumps up, grasps her by the hand and they go away together.

Male Fashions in 1850.

Male fashions of 1850 had other discomforts besides long hair. Trousers were tight and buttoned under the foot with broad straps. Every man who aspired to be well dressed wore his coat so high in the collar that the back of the hat rested on it. This fashion was so prevalent that, according to Sir Algernon West, "every hat had a crescent of cloth on the back of the brim to prevent the rubbing of the beaver or imitation beaver of which the hat was made, for silk hats were not then invented." And from the same authority we learn that "opera hats were unknown, and in the evening a folding chapeau bras was carried under the arm."—London Mail

STEEL FOR ARTILLERY.

Tremendous Pressure the Barrels of Big Guns Must Bear.

Modern high powered guns could not be built without steel strong enough to resist the enormous pressures to which they are subjected. Few understand how great these pressures are—almost as far beyond ordinary comprehension as are the distances of the stars or the number of atoms in a glass of water. An attempt to state the matter in a form that will mean something to the ordinary mind is made by a contributor to La Nature in an article entitled "The Strains Resisted by Gun Metal." He writes:

"When the marvels of modern artillery are described perhaps we direct our admiration too exclusively to the mechanicians who have combined to construct it. We must not, however, forget the metallurgist, for it is owing to the astonishing qualities of the metal that the gun is so well able to resist the enormous strain due to the detonation of the explosive.

"It is interesting to cite here some figures published by Commandant Regnault. At each discharge of a gun, in the case of our field pieces, in less than three-tenths of a second the pressure exceeds twenty tons to the square inch, and the speed of the projectile leaving the muzzle is more than 2,500 feet a second.

"The energy developed may be put at about 500,000 foot pounds. In other words, considering the cannon as a motor working during an exceedingly short time, we may place its rating at about 20,000,000 horsepower.

"Not only must the metal be made to resist these strains time after time, but to do so under unfavorable conditions, such as the high temperatures produced by the explosives. And not only must the metal of the gun be as strong as this, but it is the same with that of the shell. The shell of our 'seventy-five' supports a pressure estimated at seventeen tons. The work of the device that takes up the recoil reaches about twelve tons to the square inch, and the mount neutralizes at each discharge about two tons.

"In fact, these conditions are realized in quite a remarkable way. It has been possible to test in the machine shop the pieces of a battery that has fired several thousand shots and to show that they have suffered not the slightest deformation.

"This is why it is necessary to employ special steels. The use of nickel, in proportion of 1 per cent to 2 per cent, gives to steel special qualities."

HIS VIEW OF TIPPING.

It Was Not the Mere Money That the Old Waiter Craved.

Tips are said to be an evil of our times, but the man who has to give them makes the statement. That vast number that receives the largest has probably found it no crime. There is much to be said on both sides, but I cannot think that it is a system which should be, indeed, can be abolished, for the giving of a tip is the recognition of personal service. It is the only way one can thank a man who is not, in his present capacity at least, in the class of the one who dispenses the coin. And there is another reason—to argue for the other side—that was most beautifully exemplified in a story which came to me recently.

A friend of mine took into service as indoor man one who had attracted her attention as a most perfect waiter in a hotel. She paid him the same amount that he averaged as a waiter, and she found him as satisfactory in her own home as she had expected him to be. Yet at the end of a few months he begged to return to his more exhausting duties in a great caravansary.

"I don't know as I can make it plain to you, madam," he said to her earnestly, "but it's the tips that I look forward to. Not that they are any more, on the whole, than I get here, but there's always an uncertainty about it. I keep wondering if I am to get a good deal or very little, and it makes the day interesting. It's a kind of an adventure, in a manner of speaking, madam." — Louise Closser Hale in Century.

Rather Hard on Father.

Among the Waiwai tribe of the Amazon basin, as among several others, the curious custom of the couvade prevails—that is, when a child is born the father takes to his hammock and remains there for a month. During this time he refrains from all strong food, and the women wait upon him as an invalid. Meantime the mother of the child goes about her work.—"Native Life in the Amazon Wilderness" in Travel.

The Same Thoughts.

Algy Staylate — I sometimes wish, don't ye know, that I had been born a rajah, don't ye know, over in India, don't ye know. Bell Britely (wearily)—Why, Mr. Staylate, how strange! I was just wishing that very same thing myself.

The Hospitable Board.

"Your wife's dinner parties are always beautiful affairs."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "At first people didn't seem to want to come to 'em. I guess mebbe the high cost of living is making a difference."

A Black Occasion.

The great Russian singer Challapine is telling of a most amusing incident that occurred during his last tour in Germany.

"I missed but one engagement there," he said, "and that was in Frankfurt. It is my custom to gargle my throat every day, and just before this particular evening engagement I went into the bathdoom and picked up the gargle in the dark.

"I noticed it had an unusually nasty taste. When I came into the light, I discovered that I had been using ink!

"In spite of everything I tried, I could not get my face clean, so the concert had to be postponed."

An Aztec Custom.

Among the Aztecs, the ancient inhabitants of Mexico, it was the custom to make images of their gods in paste; these were broken up and distributed among the worshippers.

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GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

The Ministerial Association will meet on Monday next in St. Andrews' Church; when an address on "Creeds of Other Nations," will be given by Rev. Harold Stainton, M.A.

Mr. J. A. Laughland, local representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture accompanied a class of seven young men who are attending a course in Swine Marketing at the Canadian Packing Co's plant at Peterborough.

The congregation of St. Patrick's Church on Monday evening of last week, presented Miss Francis Dwyre with a beautiful tray of silver. An address accompanied the gift, which was read by Miss Mary McGraw. The presentation was made by Rev. Father O'Connor.

On January 19th Mr. H. W. Gallagher, Auctioneer, conducted a sale for Mr. W. A. Moore. Purebred Holstein cows brought up to $137.50 each, grade cows 98.00, heifers $98.00, calves $38.50. The total receipts of the sale was $2180.00 and Mr. Gallagher was just four hours in completing the sale.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the Son of man that thou visited him. For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet," Ps. 8 : 3, 6; "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him," Ps. 12 : 5.

I could not do without Him,
Jesus is more to me,
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
of earth could ever be;
But the more I find Him precious,
and the more I find Him true,
The more I long for you to find
what He can be to you.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Well, Well!

An Irishman was engaged to dig a well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously round and saw that no one was near; then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes, and waited events.

In a short time people discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he had been buried by the fall.

Several hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager workers had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes, and good-naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Swimming to Work.

Pacific Islanders are probably the cleanest people on earth, for they spend a good part of every day in the water, and may be said to be almost as amphibious as seals. The children learn to swim almost as soon as they learn to walk. If the village happens to be at some distance from the shore, a swimming pool is formed in a nearby stream, and there mixed bathing is indulged in several times every day.

With the skin constantly greased with cocoanut oil, the pulp of the bitter green orange makes a good soap and lathers freely. Dame Nature also supplies them with scrubbers, the husks of the cocoanut, and this they apply to their shining bodies very vigorously. Their towel is provided by the sun and wind.

A Mosque.

A mosque is a Mahometan house of prayer. The dome and the porticos are the leading features. After the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1453, the Church of St. Sophia was transformed into a mosque.

The Tallest Tree.

The tallest tree in the world is the blue-gum, a kind of eucalyptus, which grows in Australia. Individual trees of this species have been known to reach a height of 400 feet.

Kitty Danced— And Now She Pays

She is tall and slender, with coquettish blue eyes and hair that is very definitely auburn, bobbed, of course, for Kitty is nothing, if not up-to-date. Yet her up-to-dateness didn't include the ability to guard her health. Dances and parties, cold and weak spells, then more parties and more sick spells brought on what her mother might have foreseen had she lived.

No, you can't blame Kitty. Her youth, her prettiness and her popularity were false friends to her. She is only 18. Another year in the kindly care of the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, where expert medical attention and nursing are hers, will perhaps see her restored to health and usefulness.

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

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PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. E. J. Roy was in Toronto on Monday.

Mr. Frank Brown, Toronto, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Wm. Grass.

Miss Katherine Terrill is spending a week in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moffatt are spending a few days in Toronto.

Mr. F. C. Abott of the staff of thhe Standard Bank, Napanee, has been transferred to Carslile, Ont., where he becomes manager.

Mrs. C. H. Boyes, Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. J. L. Boyes.

Miss Minnie Smith, St. Thomas, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. L. Boyes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Egerton Boyce, Hamilton.

Dr. Lewis has returned from Toronto where he attended the Optometrical Convention last week.

Mr. Bert Shibley, Toronto, is visiting his father, Mr. Geo. Shibley.

Mrs. U. M. Wilson gave a linen shower on Monday evening, for Miss Frances Dwyre.

Mrs. A. L. Dafoe and Miss Gladys Miller spent last week in Toronto.

Mr. L. Huston, of Toronto, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sharpe.

Miss L. H. Durward, R.N., of Harper Hospital, Detroit, Mich., is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Percy Sharpe.

Mrs. Alice Gibson, Montreal, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. Finkle.

Miss Adams, Fort William, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Adams.

Mrs. J. E. Madden is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Hall, in Montreal.

A sleighing party of young folks drove to the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Parks, Hay Bay, on Friday evening and had a jolly time.

Success—What is weans to you. See Advt. on Page 4.

MARRIAGES

Crouse—Storing—At Trinity Parsonage, on Wednesday, Jan. 20th, 1926, by Rev. W. R. Tanton, Ossie Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Storing, of Centreville, to Percy Edmund Crouse, of Enterprise.

DEATHS

Post—At North Fredericksburgh, on Sunday, Jan. 24th, 1926 Nancy Post, aged 56 years, 7 months.

Raymond—At Napanee, on Friday, Jan. 22nd, 1926, Mrs. Adell Raymond, aged 65 years.

BLACK OPALS.

These Gems Fairly Blaze With Myriad Shades of Color.

Those exquisite gems, black opals, which were practically unknown up till comparatively recently, cost more, carat for carat, than do diamonds even, while experts declare that they are infinitely more beautiful.

And in this connection it may be pointed out that the term "black opal" is distinctly misleading. It was coined to distinguish it from the familiar light opal. As a matter of fact, the black opal is alive with myriad shades of flaming splendor, from brightest tints of green glowing fire to meteoric gold or lavender that in an instant quivers to crimson or slips into molten ruby or sapphire as the angle of light alters.

Black opals are dear, not only because they are so beautiful, but because they are so rare. They are found only at one spot, a comparatively small tract of ground in New South Wales, adjoining the Queensland border.

The field is called Lightning ridge. It is a wild and desolate spot. The nearest towns to it are Walgett and Collarendabri, and it is about 500 miles from Sydney as the crow flies.

Black opal mining is about the biggest gamble extant. There is really nothing to guide the miner in selecting a likely spot. The work is hard. The shafts average forty feet in depth, and all rock has to be "bucketed" to the top. Water is scarce, food almost unobtainable. On the other hand, the prospector who is lucky enough to stumble upon a pocket of fair sized, flawless stones reaps a fortune forthwith.

How We Read.

Oliver Wendell Holmes owned up to his preference for reading in books to reading through them. "When I set out to read through a book," the autocrat wrote, "I always felt that I had a task before me, but when I read in a book it was the page or the paragraph that I wanted, which left its impression and became a part of my intellectual furniture." If we were only franker most of us would confess to being like Holmes in this matter of our reading.—New York Telegram.

Certainly Foolish.

We never heard of a man who tried to free himself of a manslaughter charge by pleading guilty to murder, but an up state man tried to prove he wasn't crazy the other day by claiming he was in love.

Fixing the Blame.

The Parson—To whom am I indebted for this visit? The Bridegroom—To Mamie's mother: she thought I'd been courting her long enough, and she said so.

An Exception.

"Nothing can be short and long at the same time."

"What's the matter with a dachshund?"—Baltimore American.

BREV MIS—76 1915

OUR JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE ENDS SATURDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 30th

For the last three days of the Sale we are adding "New Coals" to our already great fire of values. We are determined to make the finish of this successful January Sale as noteworthy and as interesting as the start. Therefore we have arranged and prepared nine extraordinary special values. Three will be placed on sale in each remaining day of our January Clearance Sale. Note carefully the values advertised for THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

For Thursday Only
Three Great Specials

30 SILK DRESSES TO CLEAR $10.00 EACH

REGULAR VALUES TO $35.00

Even the cheapest dress in this lot cost more than $10 to manufacture. Many actually cost us twice our Sale Price. They must be cleared immediately to make way for new stock. They come in long and short sleeved styles, also in flare and straight-line effects. They come to us from the best Canadian manufacturers.

Choose from styles in Cantons, Flat Crepes, Velvets, Rayons and Georgettes. Good range of sizes.

10 DOZEN CASHMERE HOSE

SPECIAL FOR THURSDAY ONLY, 39 CENTS PAIR, 3 PAIRS FOR $1.00

The lot is about equally divided between Black and Brown shades. The blacks come in ribbed styles, the browns are plain. Both are exceptionally good quality, that will give splendid service.

Sizes 9, 9½, 10.

24 MEN'S FINE COLORED 3-PIECE SUITS AT $14.95 EACH

Some of these in this grand clearing lot of Men's Suits were $30 and $35 suits. There is nothing in the lot worth less than $20. Every suit is the product of the best Manufacturers in Canada and guaranteed by us in every way.

The object is to make room for our new Spring stock and to clear the decks of broken lots where we have only one or two of a size.

For Friday Only
Three Great Specials

REG. $2.75 COATINGS FOR 75 CENTS PER YARD

This special should interest the most economical buyer, because profits have been completely forgotten. The coatings are of dependable qualities, especially desirable for Women's Misses' and Girls' wear. Come in full double-fold widths and are obtainable in shades of Purple, Fawn, Marine, Burgundy, Brown and Saxe. You'll need to choose early as we have only six pieces to clear.

29 AND 36 ICH CURTAIN NETTS, REG. 30 AND 45 CENT VALUES, FOR 19 CENTS YARD

The 29 inch is a silk finished, figured silk nett, possessing a most attractive appearance. The width is one that is useable for sash curtains and for narrow windows.

The 36 inch is an excellent quality Nottingham Nett, with a colvert edge. You'll find it very desirable for kitchen or bedroom windows.

These are regular 45 and 30 cent values, on sale Friday only.

MEN'S BLUE KERSEY SHIRTS MEN'S KHAKI AND ARMY FLANNEL SHIRTS

18 only of the Blue Kersey and 21 only of the Flannel, Sale Price for Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 99c. each.

These are the final clearing up of our $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00 Work Shirts.

There are all sizes in the lot from 14½ to 17. At this low price they will not last long. Get your size early.

For Saturday Only
Three Great Specials

REG. $4.25 COTTON SHEETS FOR $3.19 PAIR

This special offers you an exceptional buying opportunity, as these sheets are made from fine evenly woven cotton. Measure 72 x 90 inches, are finished and ready for immediate use. At our sale price you should stock up for future requirements.

Look them over, they're on sale in our Staple Section.

JOHNSON'S DINNERWARE, CLOVER LEAF DESIGN

20c. plates for 10c.
18c. plates for 9c.
10c. butters for 5c.
$1.25 covered butters for 63c.
$1.25 gravy dish, 63c.
50c. cream pitcher, 25c.
$2.00 cov. vegetable dish, $1.00.
$1.25 sugar, for 63c.
Limited quantity only. Get yours early.

KOTEX SANITARY TOWELS

SPECIAL, 69c. EACH, 2 FOR $1.25

This is a "Federa" special. It represents utmost value and genuine quality. "Kotex" has an unusually large following in this vicinity. They are preferred because they possess many desirable features not found in other sanitary towels. Owing to an error at the factory we were shipped more than we ordered. Rather than return this overplus we have decided to offer them to our customers at very special prices.

One package, 69c.

Two packages, $1.25.

On sale in our Corset Department.

NEW, ATTRACTIVE MODELS IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' FELT HATS

These hats are interesting in the first place because they represent the very last word in style. Felts of all types are good, but these straw-trimmed are ultra clever for early wear. Shapes continue to be small and snug fitting, crowns are high, particularly in the back and come in creased effects.

For Spring many new shades are featured, especially stressing Black, Love Bird Green, Crabapple, Red, Rust, Sand and Rosewood.

Specially priced $4.95. We invite your inspection.

MEN'S "KALGAN BEAVER" FUR COATS VERY SPECIAL VALUE $42.50 EACH

To-day these Coats are being sold for $50.00 by most furriers. We purchased our supplies on a low market last January. Hence we are in a position to save you $7.50 per coat. Besides this saving these Coats are a good buy, they're warm, they're heavily furred, they're strongly made, they're durably lined, they're guaranteed by the makers as well is ourselves. Come in Beaver, Brown or Black.

Sizes from 44 to 50.

Buy one now and enjoy it's comfort this winter.

ONE BIG ITEM IN DRESS GOODS FOR THE LAST DAYS OF THE SALE

54 IN. HOMESPUN AND TWEEDS TO CLEAR 75 CENTS YD.

Plain, check and plaid Homespuns and Tweeds in Grey mixtures, absolutely all wool materials. You will recognize this item as one of the best offered during the closing days of our January Clearance Sale. The range is large enough to secure easy choice. These cloths can be used to advantage for different needs. Think of yours and come and get extra value in seasonable cloths.

FUR PIECES HALF PRICE ON SALE NOW

Featured here are many truly remarkable values in all the fine and most exclusive grade fur pieces. These are made up in good wearable styles that can be fashionably worn with suits and coats for early Spring.

SPECIAL PRICES ON CHOICE FUR COATS IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' STYLES

There is at present a very noticeable shortage of best quality skins in the fur markets of the world. Hence, prices have gone upwards for good grades of furs. In face of existing market conditions we have decided to reduce prices on the remaining unsold models, so that our stocks may be quickly converted into cash. Remember, please, these are all guaranteed first quality Coats, superior in style and workmanship.

This will be our FIRST AND FINAL fur coat sale of the season.

Regular $145.00 Muskrat models for $129.00.
Regular $155.00 Muskrat models for $139.00.
Regular $165.00 Muskrat models for $149.00.
Regular $185.00 Muskrat models for $159.00.
Regular $200.00 Muskrat models for $179.00.
Regular $137.50 Muskrat models for $100.00.

Regular $145.00 French Seal models for $129.00.
Regular $175.00 French Seal Models for $155.00.
Regular $195.00 French Seal models for $175.00.
Plain Sable and Squirrel trimmed.

Regular $327.00 Hudson Seal values for $295.00.
Regular $350.00 Hudson Seal values for $319.00.
Regular $405.00 Hudson Seal values for $369.00.
Plain, Sable and Kolinsky trimmed.

Regular $315.00 Persian Lamb values for $289.00.
Regular $345.00 Persian Lamb values for $319.00.
Regular $350.00 Persian Lamb values for $319.00.
Regular $375.00 Persian Lamb values for $329.00.
Plain, Sable and Squirrel Trimmed.

Quality,
Service,
Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.